SPORT FOR ALL

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 131. WEEK ENDING MAY 6TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

SPORT ON THE STAGE.

SOME AMUSING "BLOOMERS."

It is always refreshing to come across a play in which the sporting element is introduced, but to the man who really knows anything about sport it is more often than not intensely amusing, even when intended to be particularly impressive. This is because the average Thespian's knowledge of matters sporting falls lamentably below par.

We can remember a recent West-End play, wherein jockeys meandered about the stage, set to represent a racecourse, attired in boots that looked and clanked like those of a heavy-artillery man. If the author, producer, or any of the actors had ever handled or donned a racing boot, that particular "bloomer" could not have been made.

Why, too, does a well-known actor, who at the time of writing is producing a boxing sketch, spar some punishing rounds in trousers which certainly might have been built in Savile Row? Surely he might don the regulation kit?

The business manager and Press agent have long been recognised cogs in the wheel of a theatrical production; and in view of the popularity of sporting plays at the present time, we suggest that a "sporting adviser" or some such functionary might not be a bad venture.

JOCKEYS' AVERAGES.

HOW FAR ARE THEY RELIABLE?

There is no class of sportsman, the golfer, perhaps, excepted, who is so much interested in his averages as the jockey; for it is chiefly by the weekly table of these shown in the Sunday sporting papers that the public's interest in him is kept at concert pitch.

These statistics, however, form only a very unreliable criterion of a rider's actual merits as a racing horseman, for the considerations which have to be taken into account when studying such tables are many and varied.

We learn, for instance, that Danny Wiggins has ridden 14 firsts, 7 seconds, 7 thirds, 30 unplaced, out of a total of 58 mounts, and has therefore an average of 24.13, whereas Briggs has only an average of 12.85 for a record of 9 wins, 11 seconds, 10 thirds, and 40 unplaced, out of 70 mounts. It appears, therefore, that Wiggins leads Briggs "by the length of a street."

But this does not mean that Wiggins is of necessity a better jockey. Indeed, the probable meaning of it is that he has been given a large number of safe mounts, horses that couldn't help winning. It is a fact that there are many jockeys at the foot of the table who are quite as brilliant horsemen as those figuring proudly at the top.

CHEEK.

"Work is work," says Mrs. Alec Tweedie. Personally I think work is a condemned nuisance; but, really, Mrs. Tweedie, you should be more careful not to over-tax your brain in this way.

* * *

The price of success: Our latest Hebrew knight, Sir Joseph Lyons, making and selling hot cross buns.

* * *

"The Valet Scratched," runs a newspaper headline. His master's back, I presume?

* * *

According to Sir George Frampton, R.A., we have the finest architects in the world. Then why the dickens don't the lazy beggars start in and do some work?

* * *

"The Pink Lady" is the title of a play that Mr. Frohman is bringing over from New York. She sounds rather blue.

* * *

The Post Office is puzzled over the number of penny-pieces recently found in street pillar-boxes. I can solve the mystery. Mr. Pink 'Un "Pitcher" lately informed his readers that he is in the habit of disguising his breath with a penn'orth of chocolate from an automatic machine before missing the last train home. Other bibulous gentlemen, seizing on the hint, have been mistaking pillar-boxes for automatic machines.

* * *

I wonder which of the "bits" papers will be the first to "educate" and "elevate" its readers with the reminiscences of Stinie Morrison, convicted murderer, burglar, and dealer in flash jewellery?

* * *

Police-Constable George Greaves is, I understand, regarded as "eccentric" by his brother members of the Force. Is this because he has a conscience?

* * *

Mr. Geo. R. Sims is of opinion that "the sooner measles are arrested the better." But who wants to catch them?

* * *

At forthcoming amateur theatricals at Calton Towers there is to be a "ballet of angels." I hope the performers will wear something besides wings.

* * *

Spring Onions has been telling "Answers" readers that for sixty years he was a confirmed drunkard. I fear the moral value of the confession is doubtful, considering that the old chap is still alive and well.

* * *

"It is easier," says the "Observer," "to reach an adversary's heart with a rapier than with a mace." Not if the mace happens to be a Jem Mace.

SIMPLE SIMON.

CROQUET TIPS.

THE WAY TO SCORE.

Many men remain duffers at croquet because they will not take the trouble to master the elementary principles of taking aim.

First of all, place the mallet on the ground close to the "cue-ball"—that is, your own ball—and see that it points exactly in the line of aim, which is an imaginary line drawn from the centre of your ball to the centre of the ball you want to hit.

Get the centre of the mallet face exactly opposite the centre of the "cue-ball," as near as you can judge it.

To take aim look at the object ball and then back to your own ball once or twice until you have got a "good line." At the moment of striking, however, your eye should be fixed on your own ball, and not, as in most billiard shots, on the object ball.

These principles apply equally to the front or side position of striking.

In aiming at a hoop get an imaginary line between the centre of your ball and the centre of the hoop.

At billiards, it is most important to "follow through" with the cue, but this is the very thing to be avoided at croquet.

WICKETS.

HOW THEY HAVE CHANGED.

Recently it was proposed to increase the height and width of the cricket wicket. The proposal came to naught, but it must be remembered that the dimensions of the wicket have been altered from time to time, although no change has been made since 1817.

The earliest known form of wicket consisted of two stumps, each one foot high. They were two feet apart, and joined together at the top by a single bail.

In 1702 the height of the wicket was increased to 22 inches, while the width was reduced to 6 inches, the two stumps and single bail being retained as before.

It was still possible, however, for the ball to go between the stumps without disturbing the bail, so in or about 1775 a third and middle stump was introduced, although one bail continued to do duty.

The next change was in 1798, when both the height and width of the wicket were increased, the former to 24 inches, the latter to 7 inches.

1817 saw the final alteration, when the height of the stumps was increased to 27 inches, the width of the wicket to 8 inches, and two bails took the place of one, and thus the wicket has remained to this day.

ARMY EXAMS

SOME ANECDOTAL REMINISCENCES.

By "CHINSTRAP."

Sincerely do I wish I now had a copy of the spoof examination paper with which I was presented shortly after joining my regiment.

It was drawn up by the regimental wit, who afterwards became a distinguished playwright.

Still, I remember one or two of the questions, and among them the following:—

1. Write a short essay, not more than 5,000 words, on the subalterns' saying: "It is better to incur a slight reprimand than to perform a disagreeable duty," and give examples accompanied by a map.

2. Distinguish between (*a*) Sergeant Drumm and the Sergeant Drummer (N.B.—Sergeant Drumm was a very estimable N.C.O. of the regiment); (*b*) *Marrons glacés*, the Glacis Barracks, and Colonel ——'s glass eye (N.B.—The Chief Staff Officer had lost an eye, and wore a substitute); (*c*) the Woolwich Infant and our Baby (N.B.—The latter was the nickname that had been bestowed on me in virtue of a beautiful innocence of appearance and heart).

3. State what you know about: (*a*) Brass hats (N.B.—Staff officers, so called because they then wore a broad gold band round the forage cap); (*b*) the disease of "Pink Eye," giving directions for treatment; (*c*) the Binomial Theorem.

There were many posers, and I remember I was declared "ploughed with ignominy," and sentenced to pay drinks for the crowd.

TESTS FOR PROMOTION.

Turning to more serious examinations, however, the modern officer is pursued by them almost throughout his service.

For example, there are subjects (*a*) and (*b*) for promotion from second-lieutenant to lieutenant, (*c*), (*d*), and (*f*) lieutenant to captain—(*f*) is an addition since my time and deals with sanitation—(*c*) and (*d*) again, only stiffer, for captain to major, while, finally, if a major wishes to be promoted to lieutenant-colonel, he must pass an examination in "tactical fitness for command."

The last-named is, perhaps, the most dreaded ordeal of all.

It is a practical examination held under the presidency of a general officer. The trouble is that officers disagree on tactical questions just as frequently and viciously as doctors do on medical ones, and if your ideas don't happen to coincide with the president's you may as well enter into private life.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Not that I ever got so far as this exam, but I remember one slaughter of the innocents soon after it was introduced.

The victims were majors of the old school, red-faced, pot-bellied, excellent regimental officers and honourable gentlemen, but as guiltless of tactical knowledge as they were of guile in any shape or form.

The president of the board was a smart young major-general, a Staff College product, an expert at war games and the like.

He gave the unhappy majors an awful time of it, and out of a baker's dozen only two survived.

Nevertheless, later on in the Boer War it was this same general who made some of the worst tactical bloomers on record.

VIVA VOCE ORDEALS.

As for (*a*) and (*b*), and (*c*) and (*d*) they are fair enough. They are partly oral and practical, partly neither, and embrace such subjects as Regimental Duties, Drill, Map Reading, Field Sketching, Military Engineering, Tactics, Military Law, Administration, and Military History.

There are, however, many other examinations. Part of the G.O.C.'s annual inspection consists of a *viva voce* examination of the officers, and the results are sometimes amusing.

I remember the subaltern left temporarily in

command of our Mounted Infantry Company was called out by the inspecting general and requested to lecture his men on the history and duties of mounted infantry.

Tom —— was a dear good chap, but the gift of the gab he had not.

TOM'S LECTURE.

However, he started off gaily enough with: "Well, men, mounted infantry are—ah, er—are infantry mounted on—er, ah—er—horses"—and then he stuck.

"Yes, go on, Mr. ——," said the general encouragingly.

"Ah, er—mounted infantry—ah, er—are infantry—ah, er—mounted on horses," said Tom in a sepulchral voice, and then again dried up.

"Yes, yes, Mr. ——, very interesting and quite true, but I think you have already told us that. Please go on," said the general.

Tom looked up at the sky and down at his boots. The perspiration visibly streamed from his brow, and his lips moved though no sound came from them, until at last there burst upon the waiting general the following interesting information:—

"Well, men, mounted infantry—ah, er—are—ah, er—are horses mounted on infantry."

"Revert to a dismounted company," was the sentence.

* * *

Then every time you go through a course, musketry, flag-wagging, etc., there is an examination to be passed at the end.

I don't know how things are now at the School of Musketry, Hythe, but in my time the examinations there were rather farcical.

The great thing was to learn a series of lectures by heart. If you could spout them off like a parrot you were all right. Anyway, I know I got a "special," and if anybody really knew less about musketry than I did I should have been glad to meet him.

AN UNPLEASANT DUTY.

Returning to the regular promotion exams, failure to pass may be rather a serious matter.

The King's Regulations, for example, state that "An officer who twice fails to pass in subject (*c*) will not, as a rule, be permitted to remain in the service."

Now (*c*) is entirely a practical examination, conducted by a board of officers, a member of which may thus find himself compelled to "spin" one of his best pals.

I know, as president of the board, I once had to plough a man in drill—this was (*a*) and (*b*). I didn't know him but I did my best for him. Finding that he didn't know his right hand from his left I got behind him and told him precisely what to say, but as he hadn't the sense even to do that, plucked he had to be.

One of the nicest exams I remember was at Sandhurst. It was in gymnastics and physical drill, and it was conducted by the late Duke of Cambridge.

He stood with his back to us the whole time and when our contortions were finished he turned round, said it was the best performance he had ever seen in his life, and that he should recommend the Commandant to give us all special certificates.

"CHINSTRAP."

A POTENTIAL MURDERER.

BY A TROUBLED TRAVELLER.

I have come to the conclusion that there must be something in my appearance that suggests the criminal, possibly even the murderer! It's a sad confession to make, but it is wrung from me by bitter experience of my fellow-men—chiefly those of the opposite sex, to use a somewhat Hibernian expression.

This is my sad story. It is my lot and pleasure to do much travelling by train. Most of these trains are slow trains. Not the so-called expresses that are sometimes the slowest of trains, but the trains that stop everywhere.

When business takes me on the line then I endeavour to find a corner seat facing the engine and a carriage that is not crowded. Indeed, I usually find a carriage that is empty.

As the time approaches for the train to leave people come streaming along the platform. They glance at all the carriages—and carefully avoid mine.

Here, however, there is evidently nothing definitely suspicious about my looks, for this passing on is done without any obvious desire to avoid me.

At the little way-side stations, however, the case is different, and I am kept in a state of suspense judgment on myself as to whether I should resent their conduct or flatter myself on my immunity from intruders.

No sooner has the train drawn up at the platform than there is the usual rush for carriages. Doors swing open and are slammed again, and everybody seems to be in a hurry that is never justified by the conduct of the trains.

First of all there comes to my carriage a man. He grasps the handle, and is about to turn it and enter when he catches sight of me.

He sees something sinister about me. In an instant he pretends he wants a "smoker." He looks up at the window as if searching for the legend in the frosted glass, "SMOKING." It is not there. And away he goes.

He is quickly followed by a charming girl, who also catches sight of me. Unlike the man—who tried to hide his suspicions—she simply starts at the sight of me and turns on her heel. "No," she seems to say, "I dare not travel with that man, alone."

Next come two women. They, too, without effort to hide their suspicions, hasten from door the instant they catch sight of me.

Last, as the porters are crying, "Take your seats," a couple, who may or may not be married, run up to the door. The man puts a hand on the door, opens it, and then—just to be on the safe side—looks at the next carriage. Yes! "Here's one," he says to his companion.

Whether this is meant for me or for the next carriage is impossible to tell.

Anyhow, having opened my carriage door he leaves it swinging while he assists his lady into the next compartment.

By this time the train is about to start. Thank goodness, I am at last no longer the object of suspicion. The net result of the stop is that I have been shunned by half a dozen of my fellow-creatures, I have been left in the draught with the door open and half the passengers seem to regard me as an undesirable travelling companion. Why is it, I wonder?

And does it happen to other folk? I wish I knew, for it worries me.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE TRUE ROMANCE

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and winter-cry.
—KIPLING, *The True Romance.*

I suppose it is given to but few of us to experience the true romance. Neither our first, intermediate, nor last loves necessarily come under this heading. Usually, it catches us all unawares. There is something in the air that makes natural heroes of us; we become conscious that we are not mere ordinary beings in a dull world. Momentarily we are halo'd with a grandeur that we feel sure looks well around our heads.

We pull our caps over at a rakish angle and become exponents of a generous, flowing style. We are a-tilt for Romance. . . . Free as the unerring breeze, we beckon it to come on and play havoc with our hearts.

When my True Romance came to me I was finishing a goodly steak in the Restaurant Frascati at the end of Oxford Street. Opposite me was a revered old gentleman, a friend of my father's before me, who was standing me the little dinner out of the kindness of heart of a man who had known himself what it is to go to the City and Suburban and come back rapless.

A moody but good-natured dissertation on the folly of backing racehorses had not quelled my spirits, which were as light as my pocket that evening. I had raised my good bottle of Guinness with something of abandon, I remember, and had managed to sway some of it over my mentor's coat sleeve; I had most certainly annexed the waiter's eternal serviette from under his arm when he was not looking; I had, moreover, returned the glance of interest directed full-eyed to me by a lady who I am sure would never have done so had she known that naught save ninepence stood between me and a "sub." on account of next month's salary from the ever-obliging cashier of my office.

All through these various manœuvres the kindly old gentleman's objection to the spilt stout, his reproof of my levity with the solemn waiter, and, finally, his pointed remarks regarding young ladies who turn full-eyed glances at unintroduced young men, failed to banish the strange premonition that was in my head.

I was not that night as other men were. Around me many of my compeers, as far as appearance and possibly position went, were indulging in the usual outcomes of a commonplace existence. Some were smoking cigars and drinking liqueurs that they could not afford. Some were dallying with the band programme, and wishing for something lively; some were endeavouring to look important by referring to copious notes in Russia-leather-bound books. But there was no expression of interest; no romance gleamed out of their eyes. Poor fools! I pitied them. At 12.30 they would cross to the tube or catch a 'bus to their homes, dead tired. By that time (again it was the strange voice) I should be tingling over something exceptional in my existence—a real Romance. . . .

I was beginning to wonder how long it would be before it entered my life, when I became conscious of a neatly-dressed girl—she could not have been more than nineteen—regarding me from a table near the band. Dining with her was a highly professional-looking young man in a black morning-coat and a tie tied with a certain distinction. I was glad that my mentor was too much interested in his little monologue on the sort of behaviour that was to be expected of a young man who had been given the chances in life that I had, to notice that I was looking at anybody in particular.

There was something pitying, something akin to maternal care about that girl's eyes as she looked at me. I returned her glances, not with the smile of the confessed philanderer nor the open ogle of a tactless idiot, but rather with the delicate, languishing regard of one who appreciates and venerates the interest of a good, pure English girl in his wretched self.

I hoped that the journey in a stuffy carriage from Epsom had had its usual effect on me. I trusted that I looked just sufficiently dissipated to want, but not to be unworthy of, reclamation. That mysterious something told me that this was the line.

The young man with her glanced in my direction once or twice, and I began to think that possibly the first stage of the romance would be that he would offer to fight me a duel in the Masonic Room upstairs for attempting to rob him of the affection of his lady.

I was awakened from this idle speculation by the chink of gold, and I came down to earth again to find that my mentor, in a few well-chosen words, was admitting that all the hard things he had said were merely for my good. However, he had been both young and to the City and Suburban himself, so here was a sovereign (for my father's sake) to get me out of the wood and preserve me from appearing on the office cashier's IOU sheet—a sorry start for a young man. I thanked him very much. I had, I remember, just changed my lodgings, and he wished to know my new address, so that he could let me know what day he could take me to see something of Shakespeare's during the next week. He brought out his notebook. I wrote it down. We rose to go.

The waiter helped me on with my coat.

I looked across for the lady of my romance.

She was deep in conversation with the young man (confound him!).

Then my heart was set palpitating again. As the waiter handed my mentor his white muffler, he deftly passed to me a visiting card without a word. I glanced at it covertly as we walked out towards the vestibule. It gave a solicitor's address in the City, and said: "*Call here any time between 10 o'clock and 4 o'clock to-morrow.—M. V.*"

"M. V."! I decided in a moment the name I should murmur as I sank into dreamland that night—Mary, of course. Was there ever a girl who looked the name more to the life? (I am convinced that the rhymester who wrote "Mary, Mary, quite *contrary*" was either drawing on a dull imagination or else he was grossly libellous.) And the delightful vagueness of those neatly pencilled words!

I went home in a haze. I could not hang about wretched, low-down beer-halls now, and Frascati's, bereft of Her, was a dreary desert. I gave my father's friend the satisfaction of seeing me into a homeward train. I promised, conscious of a far-away look in my eyes, that my life in the future would indeed be different. What would be the excuse, I wondered, as the train rumbled on, that should make us known to one another? It was a matter of much speculation.

Once at home I refused even the game of whist with two penny corners that was sometimes played before retiring. I had too much on my mind to trouble about such an inconsequent thing as following suit. Banker (recommended as less liable to tax the brain) I waived aside with a sneer. They did not understand, I told them.

Our kindly landlady said she thought she did, and smiled. I praised her as the only one who could see clearly. She said she had told the maid to hunt for the box, and she would send one up by my bedroom partner, together with a glass of water to assist me in swallowing it. I forget what I said now, but my bedroom partner said he had been there for four years and had never spoken half so plainly. I called him, in semi-detached tones, a good chap. Would he mind not troubling me about a little thing like remarks to landladies.

At breakfast-time I was pleased that my thoroughly-established unpopularity gave me an opportunity to be utterly morose and to leave the bacon without fear of further offending the landlady, who already had the most extreme contempt for me.

By twelve-thirty I was palpitating on the worn steps that led to the third floor of the building wherein were the offices mentioned on my card. There was a *négligé* appearance about the set of my tie and I felt appropriately pale. I mounted the steps. Yes, that was the office. . . . I knocked.

"Come in," said a voice—Mary's voice.

She rose from a typewriter at which she was seated, and greeted me in the way I had expected—that is to say, with a sincere, if distant, welcome. An effusive reception would not, somehow, have seemed fitting. Her brother (who was, I gathered, the young man with whom she had dined the previous evening) was out. She paused awkwardly. For a second I feared she would reduce herself to the commonplace. I trembled lest she should bring the house of cards, whereof my romance was built at the moment, tumbling about my ears with the remark, "Will you wait now or call again." But I might have known better than that.

"But it does not matter," she said a little brokenly. "*I* know."

She came a little nearer to me.

"You are very young, aren't you?" she said. "You have been a foolish boy, and you have got yourself into the hands of the old money-lender with whom you were dining last night."

I kept silence. I studied only the pattern on the carpet and was content to stand here communing in silence with this Mary of mine, who had come entirely up to my expectations. I noted that she wore the daintiest of shoes, that her ankles were aristocratically slender, and surely no girl before ever looked so sweet in the simplicity of a Peter Pan collar and a black cashmere dress.

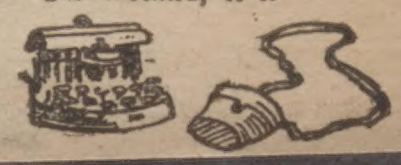
"I wonder if you ever feel sorry?" I heard her continuing, as in a pleasant dream. "I wonder if you ever regret the youth that you are wasting. The race-glasses, the way you beat time with your fork to the band—oh! they showed so plainly just what you are. Irresponsible—a somewhat foolish (you'll pardon me if I offend you at all. I speak only because —) a somewhat foolish but——"

She looked down to the carpet.

"But nice boy," she added softly. "There's no real vice in your face—just thoughtlessness. That's all."

Not for worlds would I have broken into her enchanting sentences. Through a stained window the sun was throwing her face into a delicate mauve shade. It caught the polished tips of her lightly-clasped exquisite little hands.

"And so," she went on in her silvery accents, "I had that card given to you. My brother, who was won, as I was, by the evident piteousness of your case, is a solicitor who knows well the wiles of the money-lender and how to combat with them. Give him the old man's name and he will write to him—and save you. Understand, it is



just because I liked your face. You seemed such a *nice* boy."

Outside, the shimmering crescendo of some luxurious motor-car sounded like unto the celestial strains of a far-away organ. I looked at her, as I well knew, for the last time. The true romance of my life was fated to last but a matter of seconds now. I placed my hands on her shoulders and drew her softly towards me.

In one crowded second of utterly gorgeous life, wherein I drank of that elixir of joy that a man drinks in unadulterated purity but once in his days, I imprinted on her upturned lips one lingering salute.

Then I turned and strode from the room. I had left her for ever! . . .

There are some, perhaps, who will ask why it is that I did not avail myself of the excuse of calling on her brother and explaining matters, thus inaugurating a firm friendship with him (to ulterior ends). To those I would reply that it would have developed into such things as picnics in the rain at Staines or afternoon teas at the "Pop," and I prefer to look back on one utterly sullied moment of existence and on one woman whose first priceless face-value has never been depreciated by a cold glance or an unkind word. I have both the moment and the woman in my most treasured possession—my True Romance.

GAMES MASTERS PROFESSIONALS?

Eton and other great public schools have their "games masters," who are engaged and paid as such, and do little or nothing beyond teaching the boys to play cricket or football.

Without any disrespect to these gentlemen, they are, strictly speaking, professionals.

Indeed, there is no question of strictly speaking about it. It is true that there is no official definition of an amateur at cricket, but there is a general understanding that a man ceases to be an amateur if he lives by the game, as some of these games masters undoubtedly do.

As to football, they are certainly not amateurs according to the amateur definitions of either the Football Association, the Amateur Football Association, or the various Rugby Unions.

SUNDAY SHOOTING.

A TERRITORIAL PROPOSAL.

The question is now under consideration as to whether the shooting ranges shall be open for the use of Territorials on Sunday. Were the proposal carried into effect, there is little doubt but that it would prove extremely popular amongst the present members, and also be the means of gaining many new recruits to the Force.

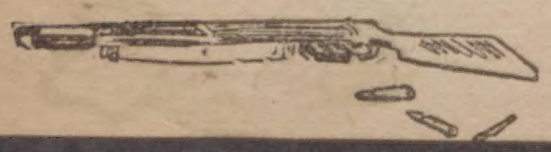
There are many young men who have enlisted in the Territorial Army, but who are unable to put in as many practices as they would like, because of the long hours they have to work during the week, and I feel certain that there are also many who have not already joined, but who would be proud to wear His Majesty's uniform if they were sure of this opportunity of getting the necessary instruction to enable them to hold their own with their more fortunate comrades who have more time at their disposal.

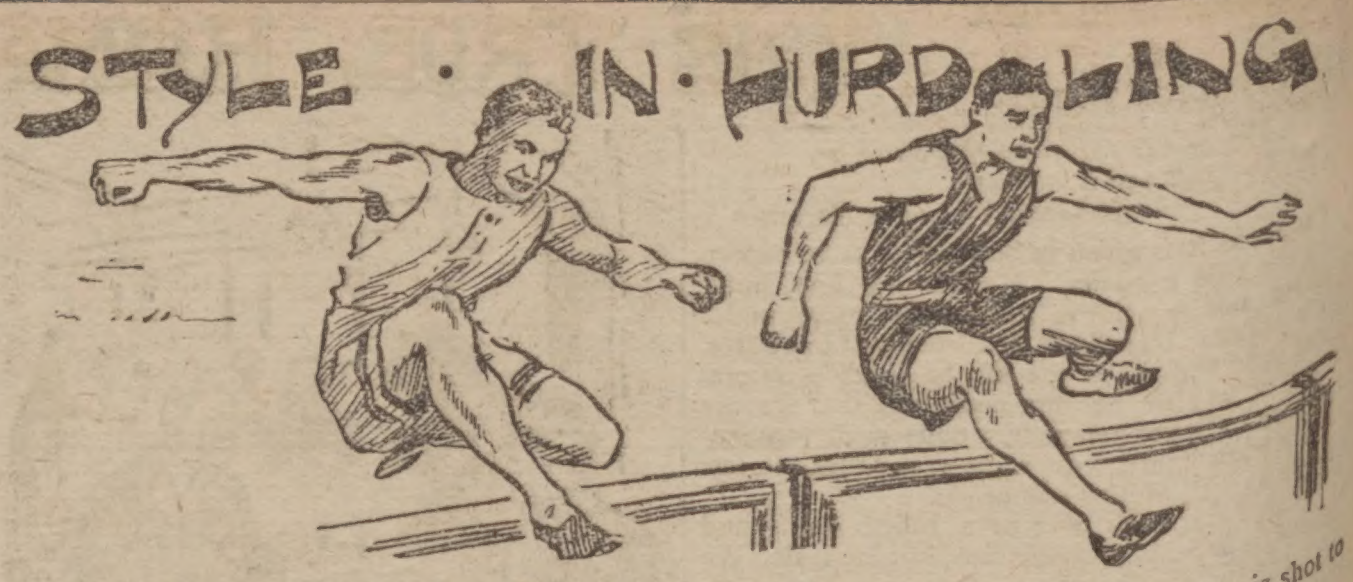
There are, besides, a large number who have a long and tedious journey to make in order to reach the shooting ranges. It is often impossible to travel this distance and back again in the few hours that the average Territorial has at his disposal on Saturday afternoons, but with the whole free day before him, shooting practice would be a recreation at which he would eagerly grasp.

It is suggested that the instruction be voluntary, and it is to be hoped that the proposal will be carried into effect.

The bigoted Sabbatarian who would object to it would probably be the first to complain of the inefficiency at shooting that is inevitable unless some such arrangement is made.

R. BOYNE.





PRACTICAL HINTS BY AN EXPERT.

Although there is not such a marked difference between the English and American styles of hurdling as there used to be, they are still pretty distinct, and so are the types of English and American hurdlers.

While there have been tall English hurdlers, like G. P. C. Lawrence, the Oxonian, a champion in his time, the English hurdler, as a rule, is a clean-built, muscular man of middle height, while the American runs to great length of limb.

These physical differences account for the divergent English and American styles.

The Englishman, although preserving the regulation three strides between hurdles, jumps three.

Of course, the champion hurdler does not actually jump the bar; he relies on a peculiar and almost indescribable wriggle of the hams as he rises in the air to get him over, but he takes off pretty close to each hurdle and drops sharp on the other side.

The American, on the other hand, by virtue of his length of leg, so to speak, "walks" over his hurdles without a perceptible jump.

ENGLISH *v.* AMERICAN.

Each style has its advantages and disadvantages. The Englishman is apt to hang in the air, and thus lose invaluable time. On the other hand, dropping sharply to the ground, he can bound off again at great speed, and he is usually quicker between his fences than the American, whose action is so machine-like that he can seldom vary his pace, and is incapable of the electric spurts which distinguish his British rival.

Good hurdlers, however, whatever their style, have certain common characteristics.

Whatever their height, they are long in the leg, light in the buttocks, and loose in the hip-joints.

While some hurdlers jump left foot leading, others with the right foot in advance, they invariably come down on the *ball* of the leading foot.

Indeed, although the heels of the hurdler's shoes should be spiked, he is hurdling in bad style if his heel ever comes to ground except at the moment of "taking off."

Hurdling is not like ordinary jumping. A man goes at an ordinary jump with his body leaning slightly forward, but straightens himself as he takes off, so as to throw his weight back, and off his legs.

IN THE AIR.

If the hurdler jumped in this fashion, however, he would be terribly slow over his fences, and so the first-class hurdler has acquired the knack of jumping with his body bent well forward.

To do this successfully requires a lot of practice, for if the body is brought too far forward, a stumble on landing is the inevitable result.

I remember that at the 'Varsity sports a few years ago Mr. Kenneth Powell, the Cantab, nearly lost the hurdles through bringing his body too much over when clearing the last fence. He stumbled perceptibly on landing, but, by a desperate effort, kept his feet and just got "home."

The position of a first-class hurdler when in the air is such that his leading knee almost touches his chin. As he comes down he shoots out the leading leg, so as to land on the toe, and the moment he touches ground his near leg is shot to the front.

The management of the rear leg when jumping is all-important. Here you may see many differences in style, but with all good hurdlers the sole of the rear foot is kept parallel to the bar, for if you drop the toe of the rear foot you are very likely to catch the top bar and come a "crumpler."

Most hurdlers, too, when jumping, keep one arm, usually the left, stuck out straight and stiff like a railway signal. This helps them to keep their balance while in the air and to bring the body forward.

A PAINFUL FALLACY.

Many hurdlers think it is a good thing just to rap each hurdle with the rear foot when going over, so as to make sure that they are not "jumping big," but I think this is a fallacy.

A man may be jumping big and yet be rapping the hurdles every time, for if he does not get his body properly forward he cannot get his rear leg up, and is jumping large. Besides, you may rap too hard, and in any case it hurts the ankle and takes off pace.

In regard to training for hurdling and acquiring a good style, the beginner should start with a single 3ft. hurdle, and learn to skim that without jumping. By twisting his body below the waist to the left or right, according to whether he leads with the right or left foot, he will find that he can do 3ft. and an inch or two more without jumping, though when he comes to the regulation 3ft. 6in. hurdle some jump there must be, unless he is phenomenally long in the leg.

Having mastered the 3ft. hurdle he may add a second one, not more than 2ft. high, and learn to skim this in three strides, and so on until he works up to four or five regulation hurdles.

GETTING INTO CONDITION.

If the only hurdles available for practice are of full regulation size, the height can be reduced by sloping them forward so as to reduce the height and make the jump easier.

Runners when practising often go at half or three-quarter speed, but a hurdler should always do his work at racing pace.

At the same time, walking the hurdles is a most useful and beneficial exercise. Instead of running, walk between the fences. Five quick walking strides should give you enough pace and power to clear the hurdles comfortably.

Punching the ball and other physical exercises for the loins and back muscles of the legs are excellent for the hurdler. Some trainers will tell you that it is a good plan to jump big at the first fence, because your tendency is to get lower and lower as you go on, but I cannot agree with this advice.

Jumping, especially jumping big, is the besetting sin against which every hurdler has to fight, and he must not do anything to encourage it.

Besides, in the excitement of a race there is no time to differentiate between one hurdle and another. You want to fly them automatically, and to begin thinking of what you are doing is absolutely fatal.

It is a noticeable fact that one rarely finds a man who excels both at hurdling and at high jumping.

W. S. M.

A TEST OF NERVES

A WALK AT NIGHT IN UNFAMILIAR PATHS.

If any man would subject himself to a fairly severe test of the steadiness of his nerves, after a long period of town life, there is an easy method and a very searching one that can be put into practice by every man.

To any man thus anxious to try himself I would say—take a five mile walk alone, at or after midnight, through not too familiar roads in the heart of the country.

Now, as one thinks of the quiet country lane as one sits at ease in diggings with the traffic roaring without and lines of lamps brightening the busy streets, there seems nothing at all in the idea of such a late country walk.

You would swing along, perhaps, heeding nothing, and enjoying the freshness, the stillness, and the solitude.

PLUNGING INTO DARKNESS.

But wait! Leave the train at a lonely station and try the experience in reality. You are the only person to leave the train at that point. You pass out of the gates, giving up your ticket to the solitary porter on duty.

His very look suggests that he thinks you are a strange creature to plunge into that complete darkness without. Nevertheless, you strike out on the road, leaving, reluctantly, the little spots of light that mark the station farther and farther behind you. The train has already passed on, and far away in the black canopy of cloud you see a flickering reflection as it travels away into the unknown.

And here you are, facing five miles of more or less strange road, with the certainty that you are absolutely alone.

This is when the real test begins. You need be nothing of a "funk"; indeed you may have an utter disregard of all personal danger, but I'll be bound you do not go many yards before a certain half-acknowledged apprehensiveness grows upon you.

A WORLD OF MYSTERY.

Your eyes will, without your conscious effort, begin to try to pierce the darkness on either side of you. The hedges appear to have closed in, and this same road, which by day is open and free and straight, now seems to be enclosed by dense, mysterious recesses and darkness, in which the very Devil himself might lurk.

Afraid? No, of course not. And yet you are not entirely at your ease. The silence and loneliness are novel to your senses, and you do not stop to reason with your nerves and their slight unevenness.

Then, as you walk, a breeze arises. It blows across your direction, and a sudden gust causes the faintest rustle in the hedge. In an instant you have turned towards it, and are on the alert. You know well enough that the wind has played you a trick, but still you grasp your stick all the tighter.

DISTURBING SOUNDS.

A little later, right at your side, there is a scurrying among the grass and leaves, and I'll bet twenty to one that you step aside smartly as if you were preparing to receive a charge from a bull. But the rabbit or the rat merely skedaddles through the hedge and is as glad to escape from you as you are from it.

A faint echo thrown back from the thick wood just across the misty fields—a wood which you cannot see—suggests that yours is not the only step on the road. You halt suddenly and listen, but there is no other sound, and, reassured, you go forward.

There is scarcely a sound or a movement in the surrounding fields or skies that does not claim your attention, and the mind is ever ready to magnify the commonplace into the mysterious—at this time of night.

Any known danger you would face without a flinch, but these invisible uncertainties of the night rouse all your ancient, dormant instincts of self-preservation. Probably you are but giving expression to the hereditary impulses, come down to you from the time when man needed to walk warily after sunset.

C. EASTON-GREY.

LIFEBOATMEN.

HOW THEY ARE PAID.

The only regularly paid members of a lifeboat crew are the coxswain, his assistant, the bowman, and a signalman.

Their respective rates of pay are: Coxswain, £8; assistant cox, £2; bowman, 30s.; and signalman, £1 a year.

The remainder of the crew are volunteers, who are paid only when they go afloat to save life or for exercise.

In the former case each member of the crew, including the coxswain and bowman gets 10s. if the boat is launched by day and £1 if by night.

Four shillings is the usual payment for a practice cruise, and these amounts are increased by one-half between the 1st of October and the 31st March, inclusive. The signalman is paid as a helper each time he is on duty.

Seven shillings is the reward of the man who brings first news of a wreck, provided that the distressed vessel is not in such a position as to be in sight of a coastguardsman or other responsible look-out.

These rewards are paid by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and are given for any attempt to save life, whether it succeeds or not.

It is open, however, to ship owners or private individuals to remunerate the lifeboatmen for salvage of life or property.

On the other hand, property must never be considered before life, and coxswains have power to jettison any cargo or other property brought into their boats without permission.

Far above any money rewards do the men prize the gold and silver medals and the decoration of the Institution.

The former are given for "humane and intrepid exertions in saving life from shipwreck," while the decoration is for "conspicuous and special services in the Lifeboat cause other than actual personal life-saving."

These medals and decorations are the envy of many a young man in our coast towns.

F. SMITH.

KING GEORGE AS A SPORTSMAN.

ONE REASON WHY WE LIKE HIM.

There is no surer way to the heart of the English people than a love of sport, and it is for this reason that King George has so quickly made himself beloved of his subjects.

At a time when insistence on the extreme necessity of shooting as a national sport is the contention of every patriot, it is a happy circumstance that shooting is the King's favourite form of outdoor exercise.

King Edward was reported to be the finest all-round game shot in the world, with his son as a good second, so that now our present Sovereign holds that useful record.

But he has never yet equalled the great performance attributed to his august father—namely, that of bringing down six pheasants, flying directly overhead, with consecutive shots.

It has been said that every man ought to be able to ride and shoot well, and King George can do both. Many a morning he is to be seen cantering easily along the Row, and even the casual observer notices the perfection of his seat.

His favourite mount, Rupert, is a fine, spirited animal, who seems fully to appreciate the honour of carrying a King-Emperor on his back.

Even at public ceremonies in London Rupert is frequently the mount chosen in preference to some quieter, if less showy, steed.

His Majesty is also fond of fly-fishing, and in his younger days as a middy he used often to snatch an enjoyable hour or two even with the humbler deep-sea line.

Living quietly in one of the old "Rows" at Yarmouth there is a grizzled retired Jack Tar, who is the proud possessor of a portrait of King George as he appeared when a midshipman on his first battleship. This he gave to the sailor as a mark of his approval of the way in which the man caught a small shark with a piece of pork as bait, a feat which the Royal youngster had never seen performed before.

But the lordly salmon is His Majesty's favourite finny prey, and he is never happier than when fishing Scottish waters for the king of the river. It is characteristic of the King's kindness of heart that he invariably presents his catches—which are always considerable—either to some hospital or to certain of the poorer tenants on his estates.

In this connection a good story is told of an old Scotch ghillie who had often attended His Majesty on salmon-fishing expeditions, and who happened one day to fall ill.

Hearing of this, the King sent him some hot-house grapes and a pineapple of a particularly choice kind.

Happening to meet the old man after the latter's recovery, His Majesty inquired whether he enjoyed the fruit, and was much amused at the quiet reply:

"Weel, Sir, the plums were good, but I didna think much of the prickly turnip!"

Though doubtless the days of King George's active participation in the "noble art" are now irretrievably over, he was, at one time, a very keen and clever boxer; and not the smallest reason for his popularity among his brother cadets lay in the fact that he would often put on the gloves with them and generally "give as much as he got."

He is—like his august father—no great lover of cricket, but his interest in football, especially of the Rugby code, is intense. Previous to his accession, he was almost always a spectator at the annual matches between the Army and the Navy at Queen's Club.

Will King George take up the "sport of kings" where his father laid it down? There is every sign of his doing so, and thus doubly endearing himself to his millions of racing subjects. He will be a fitting successor to William IV., our first Sailor King, who, on a memorable occasion, ordered his trainer to "start the whole —— fleet!"

W. G. NOKES.

Some Racing Stories

TALES OF FAMOUS FIELDS AND THE FREQUENTERS THEREOF.

Long before these lines appear in print, the saddling bell — to use the racing reporter's graceful phrase — will have "sounded on the Lincoln Carholme" at the outset of the flat-racing season of 1911; and it will not be long before the same inspiring tintinnabulation will have been heard on every big racecourse all over the United Kingdom.

"Come on, yer devils, if yer want to pick up a packet on the next!" is the cheerful exhortation of one very well-known racecourse tipster—a wizened little man, who affects a seedy frock-coat and a straw hat in all weathers. A good story is told of how "Jerry"—the man in question—did 100 yards in even time at Kempton Park one Easter Monday.

JERRY'S RECORD.

He had taken up his stand close to the exit of the half-crown ring, as was his playful wont, in order that his egress should be facilitated in the event of a meeting with one or more irate clients who had found his prophecies "come unstuck." He was selling sixpenny envelopes, containing his "tip" for the next race, like hot cakes, by reason of the gift of the gab for which he is famous, when he was disturbed in his pleasant business by a roar like a mad bull's. A burly man—evidently from Yorkshire, judging from his accent—with a face like an underdone beefsteak, and eyes protruding with rage, was bearing down on him.

"Tha little——! Dost ta think Ah've nowt to do wi' mi tanners but give 'em to thee for thy trickery?" he yelled—or words to that effect. "Ah'll give thee sixpennoth o' trooble to mak' oop!" But "Jerry" was off, flying down the long lane to the station like a deer. A bundle of "tanner tips" fluttered behind him, and some venturesome sportsmen picked them up and had a bit on.

And, strangely enough, this time the tip came in at 9 to 2.

IN THE COUNTRY.

Manchester is now the proud possessor of a new racecourse which, by reason of its youth, has but few stories attached to it; but the old course was associated with many a good yarn. Not the least interesting happening there was on one November Handicap day, when a horse jumped the rails in the fog, lost his bearings, and ended by getting stuck in the boggy ground just over the main town drain.

When next you are in Lincoln ask the local sportsmen to tell you the story of how, a good many years ago now, a slim youngster appeared in their midst, speaking with a Yankee accent, and markedly saying "Yaiss" instead of "Yes."

A local Sherlock Holmes suddenly woke up to the fact that this was Johnny Reiff, the crack American jockey of the day, for Reiff had this curious way of pronouncing the word "Yes."

SOLD!

The stranger was questioned, and did not deny the soft impeachment; so he at once became enormously popular. But a good many of the local publicans are looking for him still—especially one trusting soul who put him up for a fortnight, "did him" on the best of everything, and incidentally lent him thirty pounds.

He was no connection whatever of Reiff's, but no doubt he has exploited his remarkable likeness to the jockey in more than one racing town since.

In the same sort of connection, racegoers may probably recall the case which happened at Epsom at the Derby Meeting about ten years ago when an enterprising person got himself up as a policeman and went about the small rings, cautioning men whom he knew to belong to the welshing fraternity, and extracting from them highly satisfactory bribes, by the way.

But something must have been wrong with his make-up, for a genuine "bobby" detected the imposture; and the pace set by the trickster, before being captured, would have done credit to the speediest welsher in the business.

R. S. SANDS.

THE SCHOOL OF PATIENCE.

A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN COUNTRY AND TOWN.

It is only in the town where men hurry. The town is the destroyer of patience, of a sense of proportion, of a sense of humour. The town, indeed, destroys most things, even life itself.

The great school of patience is the open country, where a man learns by nothing but experience. But he learns nearly everything in this way; everything, that is, that has any interest for him in his daily life.

The most patient man in the world is the farm-labourer.

Years of seasons have taught the countryman that nothing that really matters can be hustled out of its natural rate of growth.

At the beginning of summer a man never loses entirely a knowledge of the beginning of winter. So many years have brought all farm seasons in succession that he has a sort of stolid confidence in the order of things.

When the townsman is cursing a return of winter just when his little set-piece of bed and grass plot have been made straighter and stiffer than ever and the last leaf stalk has been picked from the path, the countryman sees through the thin white covering and knows that these things have happened before and will happen again; but they have never yet upset the grand march of the year.

He looks with patience on the sudden snowfall and knows quite well that three days hence the world will look quite a different place.

He is like the financier with huge resources. When lesser men are hit by a panic he can sit tight and weather the storm.

This stock of patience enables him to cover great distances on foot. And the greater the distance the slower seems his pace. He knows that a hustling gait will not bring him to his goal more than a few minutes sooner; and a few minutes where the fields lie for weeks untouched, and the sun sets with such measured dignity, and the leaves turn red and fall so gently, and the frost binds so surely but silently, can make but little difference to his errand, whether it be to the market town or to the grave.

HENRY CONNAN.

FEMINISTS.

MEN WHO PLAY SECOND FIDDLE TO WOMEN.

To the man whose mode of life permits of his indulging in a more or less regular study of contemporary literature, journalism, and drama, it will no doubt be already apparent that an essentially new type of male being has been gradually evolving himself of late years.

I know of no word that more aptly describes him than "feminist." In case I may be misapplying the word, which, by the way, does not appear at all in my dictionary, let me give some examples.

The type I am alluding to is a difficult one to describe by reason of his almost limitless varieties of mental aspects, most of them of a more or less decadent type, and it may help me in my description if I may be allowed to tell you about Jean Watt.

Jean Watt was a sturdy, buxom, and well-looking Scotch fishwife, who used some years ago, and no doubt still continues, to carry heavy baskets of fish round the parish. She did a good trade, too, for the honest girl was reputed to be the support of an aged father and some small brothers and sisters.

The point of the story is that at last Jean Watt got married to a fisherman in her village; and it was the fish which he caught that she thenceforward sold. But she was still Jean Watt. Nobody called her anything else; and her fisherman husband was always alluded to as "Jean Watt's man."

Though Jean Watt's man—doubtless a sturdy toiler at oar, sails, and nets—was anything but a feminist, still his story is illustrative of the feminist's modern standing. Among other things, the feminist is absorbed in the personality of his womankind—his sisters, his mother, and—most especially in this last case—his wife.

There is a certain Suffragette who would not have achieved a tithe of her present notoriety were it not that her husband is a "feminist." He is reputed to be very wealthy, and the use to which he has perforce to devote a great percentage of his money is the business of bailing out his wife at different police-courts, and providing the sinews of war for the noble cause she has taken to her heart.

One type of "feminist"—a more or less crude one—is, as I have suggested, the husband, brother or son, who plays second fiddle to his wife, sister or mother, but there are other and more subtle types.

A particularly degenerate modern type of feminist is he whose heart overflows with maudlin sympathy for the sufferings of helpless, white-souled womanhood at the hands of the ruthless animal whose name is Man. Our modern dramatists number within their ranks several feminists of this type.

The feminist is a sexual Don Quixote. He is always eager to prance forth on his curvetting steed to rescue innocent maidens who are in danger of being persecuted by the more villainous of his fellow men; and I should admire the feminist whole-heartedly for this—were it not for one reason.

This noble twentieth-century knight, with his "sex-problem" lance, is not consistent. Once he has rescued his distressed damsel, what happens then? He becomes affected by the same inclinations towards her as those of her previous persecutor!

He is one of the most specious modern types—a moralist by reason solely of his jealousy of other men's carnal failings.

The feminist is, for some regrettably inexplicable reason, becoming a power in the land. Who but the feminist is responsible for the hysterical Suffragette excesses at Westminster and elsewhere?

We are thankful that he is not very often to be found in sporting circles, so that, though we may read about him, we do not have to meet him in the flesh.

It would be interesting to know whether women really like these men.

T. W. COLLINS.

A KERNAHAN STORY.

THE MASCOT of SQUADRON "B"

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

"You're right," said Sergeant-Major Brighton to the visitors. "It *has* a history, and one of your late Lieutenants might have told you a lot about it. But I am open to wager," he added as an afterthought, "that he has not done so."

The Sergeant-Major puffed serenely. The eyes of the Midshire men—Yeomen of the neighbouring county who had dropped in to register that harmonious couple of hours on behalf of their own squadron which does so much to bind Territorial units together as members of one Line, with one object, one hope, and one interest beneath their differentiated uniforms—were on the neat glass case that occupied a central position on the mantelpiece in the Yeomanry Room of the Territorial Club.

It contained a lady's reindeer driving glove laid out daintily on a silken ground of purple, blue, and gold stripes, the club colours of the Regiment. Underneath was inscribed, in gold letters on Royal blue, "The Mascot of Squadron 'B'."

A non-commissioned officer of the Midshire Yeomanry looked keenly into the grey eyes of the Sergeant-Major of Squadron "B."

"Lieutenant Raven—Geoffrey Raven?" he said quietly.

"Good shot! Geoffrey Raven is right. A good boy, but cursed with a fine profile, clear, deep blue eyes, and a hell of an opinion of himself."

"All this, to say nothing of a God's own supply of pride very capable of being grievously wounded," Sergeant Hall put in.

"Wherefore his address now is anywhere north of the Matoppo Hills," said Kernahan, pointedly, to the miscellaneous collection of fresh batch of recruits, and with the air of one who is desirous of inculcating a moral lesson.

"Ah, but it was a long time ago, Kernahan," the Sergeant-Major sighed gently. "I have a more comprehensive collection of grey hairs now. In those days I was fresh from a regular regiment, my long service rewarded with what my officers were pleased to call a soft job. That was a soft term for raising, training, nursing, and licking passable soldiers out of the over-zealous youths of Brermouth and district. I have done good spade work, and the present Squadron 'B' is the result. A little heart-breaking some-times——"

"Yet," said Kernahan, "I mind the time when a certain Sergeant-Major begged, positively prayed, to be allowed to put back the clock and keep off the retired list."

"A man must do something. One who has been used to work cannot appreciate the cleaning out and keeping in order of a collection of pipes as a life occupation."

"That's rot," said Kernahan, gaily. "You're dead fond of us, every one, from the Colonel to the latest recruit. Good characters and bad, steady and vacillating men, we are children of one adored father, and that's Sergeant-Major Brighton of Squadron 'B.' Come to think of it, Geoffrey Raven was one of your specially-guarded protégés. Didn't you make him a sergeant above all our heads within a year and a half of the raising of the Squadron."

"Yes. But then, you see, promotion in our early days had of necessity to be swift. Young devils of brilliant sergeant-major-baiters (I fear you come under that category there, Kernahan) were not the sort of people to trust with the dignity of a regiment officered by kings and sons of the ultra-aristocratic blue blood in the county. Our standing has always been slightly different from that of other regiments. Look at Viles, Rattenbury, and Phillips—all once N.C.O.'s under me. Now they are officers of far-away regiments. They did their learning to obey in our Squadron. That made it all the easier to them when they saw the game from the other side. I knew, perhaps, the main object of young Raven's zeal. His ultimate aim was a commission in the Midshires. He had the biggest farm in that county—also a fine house. One of his ambitions was that a certain lady should preside over that house."

The Sergeant-Major glanced again at the mascot of the Squadron and smiled.

"'The best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley,'" he quoted sententiously.

"Sergeant-Major's very touching to-night," Carteret put in in parenthesis. "Look, Kernahan Is it a crown or a heart on his sleeve?"

"No depth—no depth," said the Sergeant-Major, apologetically to the Midshire men. "Life's no end humorous to most of my young gentlemen. But there have been exceptions. Geoffrey Raven was one of them. At the time when he was sweating to go through his facings in the regiment, he was living on his Blankshire farm. He kept good horses to ride and drive. He used to ride to the West Blankshire Hounds with Valerie Teynham, the daughter of our first Colonel, who was also a neighbour of Raven's.

"Well, he was, as I have told you, one who took life seriously. He got rather hard hit over Miss Teynham—majestic, brown-haired girl with nice eyes, but lips with a purposeful downward finish to what would otherwise have formed the Cupid's bow, so popular with our leading novelists. Is that light enough for you, Mr. Carteret? There was too much of the passionate character about Geoffrey Raven to suit her. I always believe that she preferred inconsequent desperadoes of the tea-pot, drawing-room-ornament men, animated wrap-carriers, motor-car cavaliers, and chaps who were brave to the extent of wearing multi-coloured sporting suits and yellow waistcoats. I don't think there was anything of that about young Raven. He was one whom you could imagine gazing into the night without laughing. He was superior, as it were, to jokes about damp air and lasting colds in the head.

"I remember the incident at our sports. Gad! he was seriously gone. Our Squadron, I remember, had won the section jumping competition and the *Victor Ludorum* prize for the best aggregate on the day's events. In a flowery speech on behalf of the non-commissioned officers and men (he was the one orator we could boast), he eulogised the lady who had presented the prizes. . . .

"I see him now, his face clean cut. I hear the earnestness of his words. They were like himself—incisive, keenly defined. The well-picked adjectives flowed out like water from a spring. His face flushed deeper as he worked up to the peroration, and finally it came . . . All regiments had their mascots. He would ask that the daughter of our Colonel should present to Squadron 'B' something of her own as a gage for its bosom . . .

"There was a moment of tense silence, and then Valerie Teynham—ever a queenly girl, mind you—entered into the spirit of the thing. She smiled like—like a Dana Gibson drawing. The next instant our man from the days of the tourney was kissing the hand from which she had removed a reindeer gauntlet glove. It was courtly. It was magnificent. We were on a playing field no longer. Raven had carried our hearts with him. We broke out into cheering—cheering at the salute—standing in disordered yet picturesque ranks. I have heard Princesses of the Blood get less from us—a Royal Regiment, too!

"He was at the height of his adoration then. A week later—a week that had seen our enthusiastically-received mascot installed in that glass case—showed one something of real bitterness. It was Raven, a look on his face like a man who has been lashed. Oh, it was plain enough. I had anticipated. I had read that downward curve aright. She had laughed his knight-of-old protestations into the realms of the absurd.

"Raven handed me the usual five-pound note together with his resignation. He was going to clear out of it. He could not bear to meet her every day. In the working of his farm in the heart of Midshire, he would try to forget. . . . (I perceive, Mr. Carteret, that there are some shallow minds that are incapable of realising that there is a touch of romance and a suspicion of chivalry still left in such young men as do not live the musical comedy life).

"Well, Geoffrey Raven packed his traps and went to Midshire. He came here to bid us good-bye. He was practically the last to leave this room that night."

The Sergeant-Major chuckled. "The next day we were back in our old position. Squadron 'B' was without its mascot!"

Trooper Kernahan rose and smacked the Sergeant-Major on the back very heartily.

"And this—this is the brilliant Sherlock Holmes, who came to the conclusion that ex-Sergeant Raven had taken it!" he exclaimed. "Roll up and see the Ancient Phenomenon, gentlemen."

"Well, your imagination didn't stretch to it, anyway," said the Sergeant-Major, "and when I told you what I thought about it, your sensible suggestion was to write and ask for it back. We weren't dead sure of our facts—especially in those days of practical jokers. Wherefore, assuming the possibility of a mistake, it was a nice thing to accuse the scion of the house of Raven of annexing the mascot."

"Romantic thefts not popular in those days," Carteret put in. "Raffles, Arsène Lupin and Co., were unheard-of characters. Just now it would have stamped him as a man of mark."

The Sergeant-Major waved his hand in the direction of Carteret. "Retire to your purple plush-lined basket, thou canine specimen from Pekin," he said. "Steward, throw him a small biscuit or two to keep him quiet. . . . We could not, as I told you, very well ask for the mascot back pointedly.

"Yet, Geoffrey Raven had by his eloquence nursed the pinion that was to impel the steel. The Squadron generally were mad about its loss. Then, Carteret, a sense of honour was cultivated with more care in this Squadron than a sense of humour. I'll swear some of the chaps positively prayed that the Colonel would not elect to pay us a visit until the mascot was restored. For myself, I cherished a string of adjectives in my breast for Master Raven.

"A fortnight later Geoffrey Raven was gazetted as second lieutenant in the Midshires, and ——"

"We began to see a little hope," Kernahan said.

"Having regard to the probable actions of the great Raven," said Sergeant Hall.

"*And* his high-falutin' tactics," said Kernahan.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said the Sergeant-Major, gravely. "I was never top-weight at abstract explanation. You see," he went on to the Midshire men, "we knew we should meet your regiment as a hostile enemy in the Summer Manœuvres. In those days we used to work out on a small scale that which has become the main idea of all Territorial

manœuvres now—the possibility of a landing by an enemy and practice in repelling him. It was then, as now, very good work for both sides, but I am going to wager that you could not beat our little crowd for keenness on those occasions, and often enough I sigh for those old times back again. Now we are associated with infantry and artillery. We work strictly *as* Cavalry. It is not ours to do anything but reconnoitre, scout, despatch ride, or as a body, come in at the last minute and cut up the demoralised enemy. Consequently we're too much inclined to leave it to the other chaps.

"*Then* we were jacks of all trades and (our chief trumpeters are all too beery to blow before next camp) masters of most. What would you have described us as that night on the Corton cliffs, Kernahan? We certainly weren't cavalry."

"We were dam' cold," said Kernahan with conviction, "but a little happy, I think. Yes," he added to the Midshire men, "your precious Lieutenant and our late ex-Sergeant put us even to the trouble of waiting up half the night for him when we *did* come to that two-days-and-a-bivouac campaign against you. We had been careful to pin him along all the roads that led from the cliffs where the enemy were supposed to have effected a landing. The Sergeant-Major had something in his mind. By a little careful scouting and eliciting of early and precise information, we knew that young Raven was with the particular troop that would attempt to force the de ending line at Corton. Lordy! I've had some nights out, but that was one that wanted whacking for chills. It was an English August night, and the wind didn't exactly cut over the cliffs, but it hung about and helped to wrap you up in the white mist.

"What a mist! We had to lie prone on the ground to avoid any chance of showing up, like forgotten ghosts, if they came peek'ng round us. It was the sort of night calculated to drive all outposts crazy. We were like that from ten o'clock till dawn. I think it was only the chance of recovering the Squadron's mascot, a judicious hint of which we had disseminated through the lines viâ the best babblers (Carteret and Co), that preserved us from freezing in our boots. Our cloaks were sopped through when the dawn broke"

"Not a man nodding either!" the Sergeant-Major put in proudly. "But I think that dawn smarted on our eyes, didn't it, Kernahan?"

"Yes, 'member how we took everything along the cliff edge for something moving? The clumps of gorse were creeping men in the half-light. Wonderful how your sight plays you false after a night like that."

"We've had some," said one of the Midshire men, appreciatively.

"You have? Then you know what a relief it is when——"

"You see something that *is* moving."

"You've hit it. It was something to—to know we weren't going mad when some of your men, under young Raven, came along. They were coming up the chalk road that cuts through the cliffland towards Brermouth. It was a relief, but it was also all the Sergeant-Major could do to get us to keep down and let them walk into the trap."

"There's a bit of a reaction after patiently waiting all that time," said the Midshire man, with sympathy. "You feel you must go for 'em—sail out for 'em—even if it loses you the game."

"Ah, I see you've been through it."

The senior Midshire man looked up. He had not spoken before.

"You've not much memory for faces, Mr. Kernahan," he said quietly. "I was with the Lieutenant when you sprang on us from behind the gorse and claimed us as prisoners."

Kernahan looked at him keenly.

"I must plead the bad light," he said.

"I'll tell you some more. Don't you remember the Lieutenant laughing and telling you that his advance was only a ruse; that the main body had skirted round by the main round and would, by that time, be filtering through by the by-lanes?"

"Yes," said Kernahan, eagerly, "and we didn't know that 'A' and 'C' Squadrons were strongly enough placed at the crossways ——"

"To stop us getting through" said the Midshire man, a little sorrowfully. "But we should have, you know, barring the crops."

"Barring the crops, we might have provided even for a cross-country sweep, I believe," said the Sergeant-Major, innocently.

"As it was," the Midshire man pursued, "I remember your observing to the Lieutenant that it was, in the case he mentioned, your bad luck. 'The Squadron, you said, had lost its mascot!'"

"Yes, then, as Raven looked jolly cold, don't you remember I offered him my flask?" said Kernahan.

"That's right. You asked him, pointedly I thought, to drink to the recovery of your mascot. It was neatly put—in a way that would appeal to a man of his temperament."

"He said," Kernahan went on, "that he would feel obliged if we would couple with the toast a delicately-worded sentiment which, in my coarse words, I can only express as damnation to the girls who broke good soldiers' hearts. Then he drank, and, taking something out of his breast pocket—I could have sworn that was where he kept it, too—he handed it to the Sergeant-Major, hoping it would bring the Squadron a larger measure of luck than it had brought happiness to him. . . . That is the little article in the glass case on the mantelpiece there. And poor Geoffrey Raven sleeps somewhere north of the Matoppos to-night."

AN EXCITABLE YANK.

Sam Mayo, the popular comedian, who is also a great racegoer, told the writer a good story of an excitable Yankee acquaintance who went to a race meeting with him.

The Yank had a bet on a race, and when the runners came into the straight it was clear that his horse must win, bar accidents. The Yankee became very excited. "Catsmeat wins!" he yelled. "A fortune, a fortune, a fortune!"

Catsmeat won all right, and Sam asked his friend how many thousands he had landed. The Yank had had thirty shillings on at even money!

CLUB NEWS.

TOTTENHAM AND EDMONTON.—A new MODERN MAN Club is being established for the Tottenham and Edmonton district, and there is every evidence that it will be highly successful. The first meeting in connection with the formation of this club will be held at Warmington House, 744, High Road, Tottenham. It is easy to find, as it is only two doors from the 'Spurs ground. The time is 8 p.m., on the evening of Monday, May the 1st, the day on which this paper is published.

EDINBURGH.—The smoking concert held in connection with the Edinburgh MODERN MAN Social and Athletic Club at the Cathedral Hotel was most successful, some 130 being present.

WALLASEY AND DISTRICT.—The Wallasey and District MODERN MAN Club is doing very well, but the Secretary writes requesting us to remind all new readers in this district of the existence of the club, and to urge them to become members, as the stronger the club is in membership the more attractions it can offer. The latest development is the establishment of an air-gun range at the club. All local readers should communicate with the Secretary, Mr. R. D. Morris, at the Club House, Tollemache Street, New Brighton, or at his private address, 30, Richmond Street, New Brighton.

BIRMINGHAM.—The committee of the Birmingham MODERN MAN Club has got up an admirable set of rules, which go considerably further than those which we recently suggested. It might be well for the secretaries of other MODERN MAN Clubs to apply for a copy of these rules to the secretary, Mr. W. R. Searle, 67, Edmund Road, Adderley Park, Birmingham.

THE SPRING MIGRATION.

LEAVING THE TOWN DIGGINGS FOR THE OPEN COUNTRY.

It is as well to be in good time in this affair that takes place annually in the lives of so many of us city workers. We are unwilling to miss any of the vanguard days of spring and summer.

April or May is by no means too early to begin to live the country life. By this time we have had enough of town and its winter delights concentrated within a narrow radius, and consisting chiefly of late nights, theatres, and all sorts of amusements that appeal rather to the mind and the senses than to the physical being.

With these occasional warm days, with a wind laden with spring scents, the body calls for its share of the good things of life. The eyes long to rest on green hill and budding hedge, and the feet are impatient to tramp the turf of the hills, now grown soft and springy with rain and new growths of herbage.

Suddenly the town loses its all-powerful attraction and we are impatient to be off.

We are like tramps who have come in for the winter and would now turn our backs on the walks and streets and crowds that have seemed so attractive for the last six months.

And so we have studied the columns where "country apartments" are advertised; we have made many a week-end journey to inspect this place and that, described in such attractive and ideal terms in the four-line "ad."

Probably we have suffered many disappointments and have consigned many of the advertisers to another place for what we have considered their misrepresentation. It was the old difference between the buyer and the seller again.

They had, perhaps, quarters of average comfort to let; we had impossible ideals of snugness and comfort never to be realised. And only after much disillusionment have we come down to more practical and perhaps prosaic levels and been content with a compromise.

Anyway, we have taken those two little rooms with the little windows breaking the long sloping roof like two shaded eyes, and one with the slanting ceiling that would in towns suggest "pokiness."

Here we are more easily satisfied, for the air is fresh and the windows may be fixed open night and day for the next six months, and never a smut will blow in.

There is a train service here which has much of the regularity and convenience of a town suburb. This, of course, is essential, and this alone has restricted our radius.

One whole week-end has been devoted to the job of moving. It has been a busy but useful time; old things have been discarded, and the lumber of the winter consigned to the dust-bin.

So here we are, not quite shaken down into the new life, and feeling rather isolated and lonely. This is chiefly because the weather is bad at the moment, and we miss the town's business.

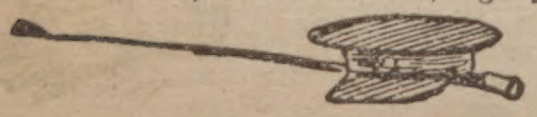
Before long, however, when the evenings grow longer, we shall go off quickly after our return from the city to ride or walk, or run over to the river and have a boat for an hour or two. The best time of the year is coming, and we mean to make the most of it.

We know also that many of our fellow-workers are doing the same as we are, and that during the next few weeks the district round about will be dotted with city men turned country men for the summer, and our evenings will soon be full of life and jollity again.

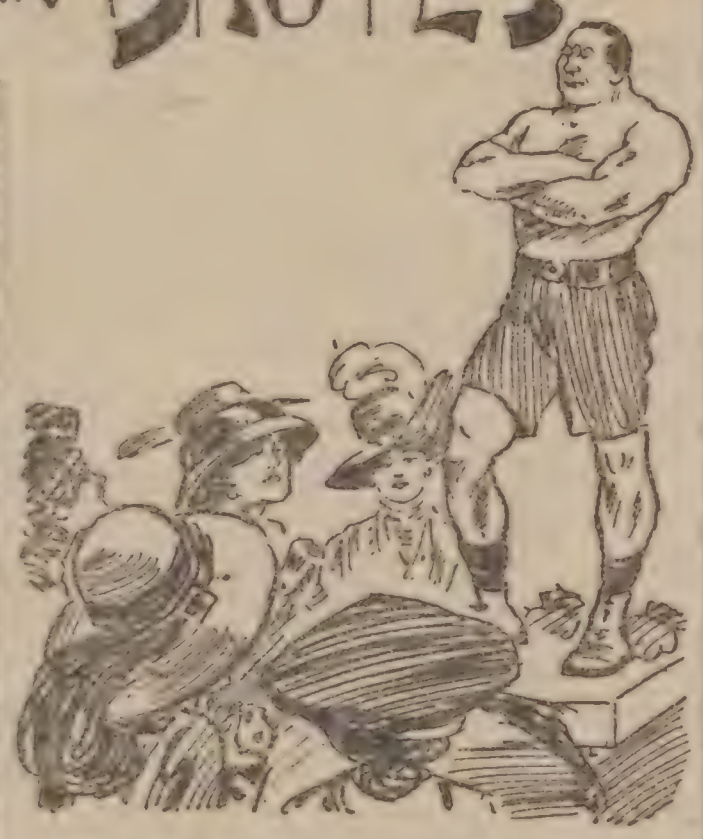
For the first few nights we shall sit long and late marvelling at the wonderful quietude, and it will not need a very beautiful night thereafter to tempt us out.

Perhaps a little later on we shall find a quiet sheltered spot and put up a tent, where we can camp out in reasonable comfort when the nights grow still and hot and sleep indoors is impossible. Then we shall have achieved the utmost that our spring migration can give us.

C. H. PANTON.



WOMEN AND BRUTES



WHY ARE GENTLE WOMEN FASCINATED BY THE BRUTAL ELEMENT IN MEN?

It is said that every good woman has a sneaking affection for a scamp, and I daresay this is true.

I remember once discussing this subject with a pretty actress and she agreed that the generality of women have a soft place in their hearts for the man of scampish disposition.

Of course, a good deal depends on what you mean by "scamp." My dictionary gives two definitions, namely, a "vagabond"; a "mean fellow."

If we take the latter meaning, then we may safely say that women have no regard, sneaking or otherwise, for scamps.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN'T STAND.

Meanness in a man is, perhaps, even more abhorrent to a woman than cowardice. She may pity a coward but she simply despises and dislikes a mean man.

A "vagabond," however, is a different matter.

He may be quite a lovable fellow, and women often like and sympathise with the man whom the world is down on because he is a person of irregular habits, with a constitutional inability to settle down to respectability.

The subject of my remarks, however, is not scamps, but brutes. At the same time, there is a class of scamp who has a good deal of the brute in him.

I mean the big, powerful, devil-may-care sort of man, who in the old days became a gold-digger or an adventurer of one kind or another.

Such men strongly attract women. Is it the scampish side of them, their recklessness, proneness to dissipation, and indifference to what the morrow may bring forth, or is it the brute, the animal, that is in them, that is the magnet?

I think it is the latter.

The brute in man has a strong fascination for many, if not most, women. Even women who feel this attraction, and rebel against it, hating it and themselves for the power it has to move them, usually succumb to it in the end.

BRUTALITY OF MIND.

Other women frankly adore the man-brute.

Of course, here again, it is necessary to define what is meant by brute.

No woman loves the kind of brute who is cruel to children, but secretly or openly she does admire the kind of brute that lurks in the fighting man.

Many women loved Napoleon because he was animal ways a splendid brute, a man of fierce animal passions, utterly ruthless where anyone stood in his way. More women still would have loved him but for the meanness which at times disfigured his character.

The "splendid sinner" has many feminine admirers.

Napoleon's brutality was mental, his physique had no magnetism for women; but in many, if not in most, cases the appeal of the brute is physical.

THE POWER OF THE FIGHTING MAN.

A woman may pretend to be, nay, may be, genuinely shocked by seeing two strong men fight; yet the sight shakes her to her foundations, arouses emotions in her which she is scarcely capable of analysing, but, if she could dissect her feelings and if she told the truth, she would have to admit that it was a case of brute calling to brute.

Man too, can admire and love the man who is cruel to his fellow-men, who thrusts them aside and tramples on them, bent only on reaching his goal—provided always that there is nothing mean in his methods, that it is a fair fight and that the man wins by force of his brutal strength of body or brain.

It is a well-known fact that brilliantly clever women often marry splendid "animals" without two ideas in their heads.

If like calls to like, extremes often meet, and pure, refined women are often strangely attracted to men of strong animal natures.

RECENT INSTANCES.

Take these Stepney and Houndsditch murderers. They were not much in the way of physical brutes, but brutes incarnate in nature. Yet everyone of them had his devoted mistress.

I will not make any reference to Stinie Morrison's character, but murderers have often claimed and held the love of women.

I do not believe that there was one woman in this country who did not rejoice when Morrison was reprieved.

Women may be ashamed of the attraction that the brute has for them, but it is there, primordial, irresistible, eternal.

R. H. Gow.

"WALKING" A PUNT.

AN INTERESTING OLD-FASHIONED VARIATION OF THE MODERN METHOD.

As every punting man is well aware, there are few more arm-tiring forms of aquatic motion than his own, so that perhaps a good many of our readers, when at odd moments during the up-river season they have grown weary of the usual method of propelling a punt, may find an interesting and welcome change in the old-fashioned form of "walking" their craft, which is now rarely used except by the ferryman. It is not unlike the methods of "quanting" as used on the Broads.

The punter stands at the head of the punt, and, facing forwards, drops the pole into the water—of course, on the side of the punt nearest the bank.

Then, giving a pull and a turn of the body after the fashion of the ordinary stroke, he pushes the pole in front of him—or rather pushes *on* the pole—and walks as far as the well or seat.

But in so doing you must not neglect the most important part, which comes at the end of the stroke. Up to that point you have kept the pole close to the side of the punt, but now, on reaching the well, you should press it against the side until your craft's head comes over towards the bank.

This is necessary, so that when you go up to the head for the next stroke the "pull" of the latter will bring the punt straight again.

In "walking" a punt it is obviously impossible to move forward in a straight line. You must follow a zigzag course, for reasons shown above; but the degree of zigzag in which your punt indulges will vary in proportion with your punting capabilities, and will diminish considerably as your practice progresses.

J. Hodder.

SHALL THE GRAY STROKE BE BARRED?

A COMING QUESTION.

A writer in the "Observer" proposes seriously—not that the "Observer" is ever given to frivolity—that the losing hazard stroke at billiards as perfected by George Gray, the Australian wonder, should either be barred altogether or curtailed as the "anchor cannon" stroke was.

He advances various arguments. He says that billiards is a game played with three balls, and that it ceases to be billiards when the white ball is deliberately pocketed so that it shall not interfere with the red.

There is a good deal in that, but after all there is no present obligation on the player to retain the white ball on the table, or ever to try to score off it. He next says that the Gray stroke "will poison the pastime," unless something is done.

If he means professional billiards, I am inclined to agree with him. As he points out, other professionals, notably Reece, are already beginning to copy Gray's methods, and before long we shall probably have most of them confining themselves to a stroke which, if not so monotonous as the spot-stroke, soon becomes wearisome to watch.

But if this critic means that the Gray stroke will spoil the game for the average amateur, I entirely disagree with him.

Even the best of amateurs are unlikely to become "unreasonably" proficient at the Gray stroke, which calls for great accuracy, steadiness, and judgment of strength and pace.

Here let me point out that great injustice has been done in the past to the average amateur by barring certain strokes.

Take the spot-stroke. Leaving aside the cracks, there were few amateurs who could make ten consecutive spots; the majority broke down at the third or fourth attempt.

The ten-spot man profited by his skill without being too good for ordinary company. Now he is limited to three consecutive spots, and can make no more use of the stroke than the duffer.

Similarly with the "push stroke." The average amateur could rarely make it, and when he did manage to "bring it off" it added to the pleasure and excitement of the game.

The barring of the "anchor cannon" has not affected the amateur much, simply because few amateurs are capable of making twenty-five ball-to-ball cannons.

But if the Gray stroke is to be barred or limited to, say, three consecutive losing hazards off the red, the average amateur's pleasure in the game will be seriously interfered with.

And what about Gray himself? Even when the British public tires of him, he has many years of profitable engagements ahead. It scarcely seems fair to interfere with his living, considering the years he has given to perfecting his particular game.

His is not a freak stroke like the anchor cannon, while if the spot-stroke was barred in the past, there are a good many who think Peall was rather harshly treated.

Of course, it is a difficult question. If all the "pros." take to playing Gray's game, and become even half so proficient as he, interest in professional billiards will evaporate.

The weak spot in billiards as a game is the fact that it can be mastered and become a more or less mechanical performance, whereas at cricket, golf, racquets, and other games the stroke that a player can repeat almost indefinitely has yet to be found.

This fact must be reckoned with in professional billiards. So far as amateurs are concerned I suggest that the original rules of the game should be restored. If players like to agree to play spot-barred and so on let them do it; but the average amateur, on whom the present restrictions bear hardly, does not like to play under illegal rules which would make the game easier and more pleasurable for him.

Gerald Weston.

THE RAT-CATCHER.

A SKETCH.

He is still to be found in remote country districts, even in these days of scientific research and marvellous poisons—a disreputable-looking object very often, but credited with having strange powers.

When engaged to exterminate rats at country mansions, he stipulates that he shall be left alone to deal with the vermin as he sees fit, and the servant girls give him as wide a berth as they do the rats.

What spell he uses to coax these wary creatures out of their hiding-places is a mystery. But he shows you at the close of the day a bag or cage, as the case may be, and you have ocular proof that whatever the means, the end is accomplished—he has got rid of the rats for you.

So he pockets his fee and goes off with his trophies.

I never knew a rat-catcher, professional or amateur, who would give away his secret.

He often captures his prey alive, and it is whispered round the countryside that he is occasionally responsible for introducing the rodents to other districts, and that he is not averse to capturing the same rats more than once. But the rat-catcher is of that brotherhood which is singularly liable to be slandered and misunderstood.

He is only half civilised, like the bird-snarer and the poacher, the gipsy and the tramp—hence his mystic powers, perhaps.

Nature has secrets which only wild things learn, and the rat-catcher's power is one of those things.

I have seen one of these men catch rats with bare hands—to all intents and purposes as easily as most of us would catch a puppy or a kitten.

The ordinary rat-catcher relies most on the ugly mongrel at his heels and the ferret in his pocket to help him in his work.

And he thinks it fine sport when he can use that old gun that he carries under his arm, to stop the career of the rodent which the ferret has bolted and the dog is like to miss.

I remember one old rat-catcher, he was fairly successful in his peculiar calling, but the tales he told of his former prowess, if they had been true, would have made his fortune in these days of mighty rat-scares.

There was a certain picturesqueness about this old man usually lacking in his brethren—he was a sort of Pied Piper translated to an English village with a little less than his foreign prototype's skill.

Apart from his rat-catching, he was a merry old humbug, who must have kissed the Blarney stone in his youth to some purpose.

When he trusted to his peculiar powers he was all right, but once let him introduce a ferret, a dog, and a gun into your domain and the rats might see the fun, but nobody else did.

His ferret always laid up; his dog was not to be trusted within sight of the poultry yard, and old Joe's gun was a most uncertain weapon.

It would miss the barn-door, and shoot a canary in the kitchen window, while the rat he had aimed at wore a smile on its face as it dived under the door of the stable.

To see him set a rat-trap, however, was to have a lesson in wariness, only second to that of the creature for whom it was intended. He carries to extreme limits the knowledge that it must not be touched by human hands, or the rat will avoid it. But the result bore out his expectations.

This particular old rat-catcher has long since left this world, and the rats fear him no more.

I have known others of his kind who were far less estimable members of society. Their business was not to rid the countryside of a pest, but to provide "sport" for brutes who would pay handsomely for it.

I remember one in a famous University town, who was always accompanied by a couple of terriers, and who for the delectation of his patrons would release a rat from his wire trap in a quiet side street for the dogs to worry to death.

And, sad to say, his patrons were not few.

A. M. STEWART.

MY NOTEBOOK.

SHARES IN THE MODERN MAN, LTD.

It is with great pleasure that I repeat my offer regarding shares in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd.

I do so without any danger of a repetition of the remarkable prosecution which I chronicled last week, for I have taken all precautions to see that every technical requirement of the law has been fully complied with.

It appears that our breach of the company law consisted in the fact that in these notes I have promised to present, free of all cost, one of my own fully-paid £1 Deferred Shares to each of my friends and readers who now take up one pound's worth of 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd.

This offer was not made when the Company started, and consequently it did not appear in the original prospectus, which was duly filed at Somerset House. Therefore these paragraphs technically constituted a new prospectus, and we made a technical error in not having filed that prospectus.

We have duly filed a new prospectus embodying this offer, and the company law has been fully complied with, even in its most technical points.

I print on page 12 an application form which those desirous of taking up shares in this Company should at once fill in and forward to the Secretary of THE MODERN MAN, Ltd.

SHOPMEN AS TERRITORIALS

I have received the following letter from Mr. Bertram Lovejoy, of 28, Kelvin Road, Highbury, N.:—

"Dear Sir,—Being a reader of your paper, and noting your continual interest in the Territorial Force, as shown by your interesting articles last week, I am writing to ask you if you can insert in your 'Chat' or 'Correspondence Page' a paragraph to the effect that the corps to which I belong, namely, the 4th Battalion City of London Regiment (R.F.), 112, Shaftesbury Street, London, N., has a Shop Assistants Company, with drills on Thursday afternoons, which is a great boon to many who would not be able to join the Force otherwise.

"Our C. O. asks us all for help to assist him to get recruits, therefore I am asking you if you can do me the favour referred to, as I wish to get in touch with men who cannot make up their minds, or who like a look round first, as I know many do not care about walking straight into the Orderly Room.

"I will gladly give them all information, take them down myself, and see them through, if they will drop me a line.

"I trust that you can see your way to grant my request."

It is always pleasant to come across a man who is not only proud of his regiment, but who does all in his power to help it in every way. Mr. Lovejoy is such a one, and I am sure that many London readers whose work has so far prevented them from joining the Territorial Force will avail themselves of this opportunity of doing so, particularly as Mr. Lovejoy so kindly offers to show them the ropes.

MEN AND SHOP WINDOWS.

The other day, as I was returning with a friend from lunch, we passed the window of a picture-frame shop in the Strand. There was the usual crowd of men and boys gazing at the window display, and my friend drew my attention to them.

"It is a pitiable thing," he said, "to see so many people so lamentably idle that they should look into a window for the sake of finding a little entertainment in the comic pictures exhibited there."

I pointed out to him that it was the lunch hour, and that these window-gazers must be allowed some license, as they were at the stand-easy.

"That is all very well," he said; "but why don't they go and have a walk round the Temple, or down on the Embankment, and get a breath of fresh air and stretch their muscles? It would do them good."

This particular friend of mine is rather sweeping in his assertions, and I think that he went much too far in his condemnation of those who are interested in shop windows. I must confess frankly that there are certain shop windows which interest me very much, and I think that it is the same with most other men.

If you are keen on angling, the window of the fishing-tackle shop has an irresistible attraction for you; if you are a horseman, you cannot resist a passing glance at the saddler's window; if you are a stamp collector, the window of the philatelist fascinates you, for in imagination the stamp collector is for the moment the possessor of all the treasures displayed before him.

The man who stares at a window filled with picture-postcards may be branded as rather a feeble person, because he is searching vaguely for some glimmer of passing amusement, but the man who studies the shop windows devoted to his own particular pastime, or connected with his own trade or profession, is, I think, justified, for he is learning much.

IN DEFENCE OF CRANKS.

A Northampton reader sends me the following letter:

"I should like to preach the gospel of tolerance to Mr. Victor F. Brown, who was on his hind legs about cranks the other week. We are not all like the one he mentions in the hatless brigade.

"I have not worn a hat now for over two years, but I don't go shouting that at every one, neither do I fancy that my head will delight the passing artist, especially in a high wind.

"As for the umbrella—well, if a chap is afraid of a little rain, he had better keep indoors.

"I must say that, far from bothering other people, I am very frequently bored to death answering such questions as, 'Do you think it is better not to wear a hat?'

"If I didn't, I should not go without one.

"Quite apart from this, the hatless brigader has as much right to talk about his fad as V.F.B. has to talk about his pet theory. I expect V.F.B. was a bit liverish when he wrote that article, and I should advise him next time when he feels like that to get a pal to put the gloves on for a round or two, or, failing that, to take off his coat to the punching ball. It is a fine tonic for a bad temper."

HATS OR NO HATS.

For my own part, I must say that I believe in wearing some sort of head-covering when one is in town.

It may be better for the hair to do without a hat or cap, but the town worker who carries this theory into execution will inevitably be branded as a crank. He will become a "peculiar person," and everyone passing him will have a second look at him to see whether his eyes roll, whether his chin retreats, and whether, in short, he has not all the usual symptoms of lunacy.

Cranks are sometimes useful in the world, but not very often, and the man who goes bareheaded in a town is unquestionably a crank. Moreover, he draws special attention upon himself, and that is a thing which is loathed by every gentleman.

In the country it is quite a different matter. There you can go hatless if you have a mind to do so, and you can do it with the knowledge that you are drawing no one's attention upon you, for there is no one's attention to draw.

Many a time, especially on a windy night, when I have been riding or walking in the country, I have taken my cap off and put it into my pocket, to enjoy the delicious sensation of the wind blowing through my hair.

In the country also, one may wear very old and disreputable clothes, but you dress as well as your purse will afford when you are in town, and you go to the expense of a hat or a cap, and bow to convention by wearing it. I am talking about the average man, of course.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVING THE SUMMER GAME.

It is an undoubted fact, supported by the somewhat empty coffers of many county clubs, that cricket does not "draw" as well as football.

Lack of public support may be a matter of little importance to some games, but this consideration can never be urged in favour of County Cricket. With a vast amount to be paid for, a number of professionals and groundsmen to be salaried, to say nothing of higher-paid officials, the clubs must have money in no small quantities if they are to maintain their existence.

And the struggle for existence is really only in its infancy, for, if baseball catches the public fancy as it has without doubt done in America—and remember that the organisation of this new game is in the hands of the thoroughly businesslike professional football men—the continuance of County Cricket will depend entirely on its ability and willingness to adapt itself to the requirements of the people.

CONSERVATIVE CRICKETERS.

The masses watch football for two excellent reasons, one is that the struggle for supremacy only lasts for a short time, the other that, speaking broadly, there is not a dull moment from start to finish. They do not watch cricket, because, in the first place, it requires a man both of leisure and money to be in a position to witness the whole of a cricket match, and secondly, because sparkling or even interesting play is rather the exception than the rule.

Our cricketers are a very conservative body of men, and view with suspicion any proposed alterations in the game, but I think necessity will in course of time make them listen to the voice of public opinion.

And this is a very wise voice, the voice of the busy English nation. It says, or rather hints quietly, "Give us something fairly exciting, something tolerably exciting, something in fact as like as possible to what we get in winter."

I am not one of those who think that the whole nation makes too great a fetish of athletic, except in this one particular case of allowing three days to be spent over a single match. Looking at the matter calmly and dispassionately, it does seem rather a reflection on our mental capacity as business men, as the upholders of a great Empire that we shall countenance such a procedure. Three days—just think of it—half a week's work for a game!

THE B. P. LOOKS AT IT.

It would perhaps be just defensible if it were absolutely necessary, but it is not. Hundreds of men there are who play cricket and enjoy it well, who have never in their lives spent more than a day over a match, and hundreds of others there are who have never indulged for more than half a day at a time in their favourite sport. The longer we wait for a game of cricket, the duller the actual play becomes.

Imagine, if possible, for the sake of argument, a game of football extending over three days, can't you hear the forwards saying to one another, "We needn't bother about those goals till the day after to-morrow"! The cases, of course, are not quite parallel, but the practically unlimited time now allowed for cricket has bred and now nurtures the stone-waller and the slow scorer.

The British public are getting a little weary of it. Broadly speaking, their view of cricket is that there's the bat and there's the ball; the object of one side is to hit that ball as hard and as often as it can; the object of the other to get the ball past that bat; the man who can't get runs and won't get out is an anomaly; they have no use for him, and he had better go and play croquet.

THE REMEDY.

Well, the upshot of all this is that a game of cricket ought to last one day and one day only, and that the drawn game should be placed outside the bounds of possibility except in the case of a tie. We should thus get of necessity bright and lively cricket, and always a definite result, instead of fifty per cent. of indefinite ones.

Let the match start at ten or ten thirty in the morning, and let each side have half the play time in which to bat, according to the toss, and providing, of course, they are not all disposed of before their limited period is over. The majority of matches would thus be settled on the results of a single innings apiece, though, of course, two innings of either side would be completed where possible.

I can see no satisfactory objection to the single innings match; the better side is quite as likely to win as if two innings are played, though probably "the glorious uncertainty of cricket"—of which we are so fond of boasting—is slightly increased. The fact of the individual's success or failure being dependent on a single effort affords a sharper test of nerve and ability than is the case when he knows that he is to have two chances.

THE CURSE OF THE DRAWN GAME.

On occasions when the bat completely beats the ball, and where neither or only one eleven plays a completed innings—and these would probably be many—I would propose that the result be decided according to the average of runs for each fallen wicket. Then if a side declared at 300 for eight wickets and their opponents scored 190 for 4, the latter would be the winners of the game.

I am quite convinced that any innovation which will abolish the drawn game will be to the advantage of cricket. In ninety cases out of a hundred such a result means irritation to one side and precious little glory to the other.

The performance of successfully playing for a draw seems to me quite opposed to the spirit of the game; a definite conclusion is the first principle of any contest, and a draw should be only permissible when it represents a dead-heat; at cricket the drawn game almost invariably means that one side is robbed of a victory by the expiration of the time limit, and for no other reason at all. It seems a little absurd, indeed, after struggling for three days, not to go on for an hour or two, when the end is actually in sight!

OBSTRUCTIONIST TACTICS.

To compare cricket with football again—how long would the latter game retain its popularity if the captain of a side that was likely to be defeated ordered half his team to take posts on the goal line with a view to blocking the goal? I do not suggest that such tactics would accomplish the desired object, but the spirit that prompted them would be the same as prompted men to play for a draw at cricket, the dog-in-the manger, unsportsmanlike spirit which implies, "If we can't win, you sha'n't."

ALAN R. HAIG-BROWN.

THE COFFEE COOLER.

AN EPISODE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF A GREAT BOXER.

Frank Craig, who was famous in the nineties as the "Coffee Cooler" and middle-weight boxing champion of England, tells a good story of how he became a pugilist.

Craig is a man of colour, half Zulu, half Red Indian by parentage, and he was brought up in New York, where he attended a white school.

One day, when he was a lad of fourteen, and was on his way to school, he was jostled into the gutter by some white men.

He remonstrated, and one of his aggressors abused him, calling him black scum and telling him to shut his head or he would get it knocked off his shoulders.

"Try it," said Craig, and the man promptly came at him.

Craig knew nothing of boxing, but he was a natural fighter, gifted with a terrible punch. He hit his opponent a fearful blow in the stomach, which doubled him, and then he sent him flying with a right at the head, greatly to the astonishment of the spectators.

Then, knowing nothing of the rules of fighting, he jumped on his man and proceeded to try to knock his head through the pavement.

A policeman intervened, and Craig and his enemy were marched off to the station, where Craig was eventually discharged.

But the reporters were on his track, and that night it was all over the city that the then Light-Weight Champion of America had been licked by a black boy!

A few weeks later they met in a regular ring, and Craig put his man to sleep in one round.

He was such a novice, however, that he objected to the gloves when they were put on him, saying that they would prevent him from killing his man.

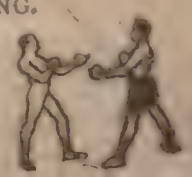
In his prime Craig was an extraordinarily hard hitter. When he met Jack O'Brien at the National Sporting Club he hit him such a fearful punch that O'Brien shot clean through the ropes and landed in the lap of Colonel North, the Nitrate King, where he remained until counted out.

Craig, who is a very well educated man, speaking French and German fluently, is now commissionaire at the Duke of York's Picture Theatre, Brixton, though this is more because he hates being idle than because he has any real need to work.

Although he is now forty-five years of age, the "Coffee Cooler" still takes part in minor bouts and exhibition contests, and only a week or two ago he put paid to the account of a big Guardsman who was anxious to eat him.

He has taken part in over 700 contests and been beaten only four times.

C. FELLING.



BUGLING ON HORSEBACK.

THE MOUNTED TRUMPETER'S QUALIFICATIONS AND DIFFICULTIES.

The following notes are designed especially for intending Territorials in mounted corps. When a man joins, how often does he think of becoming a trumpeter or bugler? The writer has found, from personal experience, that in most corps the bugler is looked upon as a sort of "third-rate article." First of all, he has no rifle to carry; secondly, he is exempted from foot drills; and thirdly, he can often keep later hours than most of his comrades.

But how much thought is given to his qualifications? As we are dealing with the Territorial Forces, we have to think about the source from which he obtains his mount. This is most often a cab-yard, and the horse, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is unaccustomed to the sound of a bugle. Anybody who understands horses will agree that the trumpet's note, though blatant to a human being, is strangely soothing to the equine ear. The bugle, on the other hand, will irritate the best tempered horse alive, if it has not been trained to stand the sound. This is how it should be done:

In this instance you must be cruel to be kind. Tie your mount up in the stable, two fingers from the chinstrap or backstay. Stand beside him and blow the usual mounted calls as hard as you can in his ear. He will start to kick, but by keeping near his head you can easily avoid his intentions in this respect. After about ten days' regular treatment in this way you will find him become more or less docile.

MOUNTING.

Now, a word about the business of mounting him. There are two ways of "slinging" a bugle. In all *foot* regiments the cord is slung over the left shoulder, so that the bugle hangs over the right thigh. But in a mounted corps the instrument is better slung under the *right* epaulette, with the bell hanging about two inches below the calf of the right leg. The reason of this is that, when mounting and gathering up your reins, the long cord gives sufficient play to render your movements free.

Otherwise the bugle would swing between your legs, and (to use a fairly explicit phrase) arrive in the saddle before you do.

Finally, when your captain gives a command on the march, stand up with the ball of your foot in the stirrups, and blow *behind you*. Otherwise the roar of the hoofs of the column following will deaden the sound of the call.

The bugle is always used when mounted instead of the longer trumpet, in case the horse should throw back his head.

J. F. WILSON.

CHOLERA BELTS.

WHY ATHLETES SHOULD WEAR THEM.

What Anglo-Indians call a "cholera belt" should be worn by all cricketers, tennis players, and so on in this more than treacherous summer climate of ours.

It is simply a strip of flannel, about eight inches broad, which is wrapped once or twice round the stomach. You can buy them ready-made if you like, and pay a lot for them, but a strip of good flannel secured by a couple of safety pins is as good as the best. The home-made cholera belt has the advantage of being easily washed, whereas the shop-made article is not.

After batting or bowling, or a hard match at tennis, the thinly-clad sportsman is very apt to catch an internal chill. A "cholera belt," however, is an absolute safeguard against this danger.

It protects that part of the body which is most liable to suffer from cold.

Some men, of course, do not like wearing flannel next the skin—the cholera belt is, of course, worn next the buff—but if you get really good flannel it will not irritate you.

Nor is it so hot as might be supposed. Indeed, after a day or two you are not conscious of having it on. Leave it off, however, for a day and you will feel half dressed.

At the same time, it is not necessary to wear your cholera belt always. It should be taken off at night or a thinner one substituted.

On the hottest and longest of long Indian days the Anglo-Indian would not dream of discarding his cholera belt, for he knows that when the sun is at its hottest, and the perspiration is fairly pouring from his body that there is most danger of a sudden and deadly chill.

G. MCINTOSH.

THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—I enclose herewith the sum of £ , being payment in full for 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of 2s. each in the above Company.

I request that you will allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed on April 21st, 1911, with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name upon the register of members in respect of the shares which may be allotted to me.

I make this application on the understanding that I shall receive, free of all cost, one fully paid £1 Deferred Share for each ten 2s. 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares allotted to me.

Name in full.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

.....

Profession or Occupation.....

Usual Signature.....

Date.....1911.

All applications should be addressed to the Secretary, THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., 19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of the Modern Man League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their address recently, would kindly inform us of the fact, if possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. The application form for membership, with full particulars of the League, will be found on page 24.

LONDON *(continued).*

Islington.
J. CANNEN, 9, Queen's Place, Queensbury Street, Essex Road.
J. E. CASMAKER, 151, Packington Street, Essex Road.
F. J. CORRIGAN, 17, Danbury Street.
E. A. COWEN, 35, Ockenden Road.
W. PEARCE, 55, St. Peter's Street, Islington Green.
F. PULLEN, 6, Hardinge Street.
F. J. PYMAN, 51, Gibson Square.
M. G. SPARROWE, 63, Prebend Street.
R. F. WILKIE, 15, Theberton Street.
A. J. WILLIAMS, 50, Baring Street.
H. J. WINCHESTER, 30, Elmore Street, Essex Road.

Kennington.
W. CHURCHILL, 71, Manor Place,
S. E. FLACK, 18, Otto Street, Royal Road.
T. HOGAN, 59, New Street, Kennington Park Road.
J. R. WILLIAMSON, 44, Hurley Road.

Kensington.
S. HARMAN, 48, Earl's Court Road.
R. O. MARTIN, 1, Lexham Gardens.
H. MILBURN, 1, Russell Gardens, Holland Road.

Kensington (North).
R. BEASLEY, 261, Ladbroke Grove.
H. A. GIBBS, 13, Golborne Gardens.
H. J. HEDGES, 174, Kensal Road.
G. NOONAN, 14, Ruston Mews, St. Mark's Road.

Kensington (South)
R. J. HAMPTON, 3, Harrington Gardens.
M. G. KITCHINGMAN, 112, Fulham Road.

Kensington (West).
W. BIRMINGHAM, 74, Edith Road.
G. COOKSON, 34, Gratton Road.
A. DEADMAN, 34, Milson Road.
J. HARRIS, 147, Hammersmith Road.
[illegible] FRESON, 19, Dieppe Street.
A. A. MATTHEWS, 19, Caithness Road.
C. J. ROBINSON, 50, Sterndale Road.

Kentish Town.
[illegible] BLAKE, 2, Dunollie Road.
[illegible] CHAMPION, 19, Falkland Road.
[illegible] DEATH, 30, Oak Village.
[illegible] HINDE, 26, Leighton Grove.
T. RAWLINGS, 63, Leverton Street.
[illegible] WALDUCK, 34, Queen's Crescent.
[illegible] WITHERS, 30, Victoria Road.

[illegible]
[illegible] JONES, 3, Cardigan Road.
[illegible] WICKS, 75, Salusbury Road.

[illegible]n (West).
F. ADAMS, 155, Malvern Road.
M. ALEXANDER, 8, Brookville Avenue.

King land.
E. JOHNSON, 50, King Henry's Walk, Mildmay Park.

Lee.
[illegible] G. CLARK, 3, Eastdown Park.
L. SWINDALE, 147, Lee Road.

Lewisham.
B. F. BARBER, 32, Ermine Road.
W. DUNBAR, The Salisbury Hotel, High Street.
A. KNOWLES, 23, Sandrock Road.
J. MAGUIRE, 4, Holly Hedge Terrace.
[illegible] W. PEIRCE, 40, Embleton Road.
R. J. SMITH, 173, Leahurst Road.
J. R. WIDLAKE, 7, Albion Road, College Park.

[illegible]n.
[illegible] H. JONES, 5, Radlix Road.
O. D. KAYE, 10, Alexandra Road.
[illegible] A. SCORRAN, 9, Wesley Road.
H. A. STEVENS, 34, Vicarage Road.
[illegible] TINDALL, 25, Burchell Road.
[illegible] B. TINDALL, 25, Burchell Road.
H. WOODCOCK, 31, Westerham Road, Lea Bridge Road.

[illegible]ford.
[illegible] AUSTIN, 57, Wragby Road.
[illegible] H. BOLTZ, 21, Ashbridge Road.
[illegible] BURTON, c.o. Messrs. Abbott Bros., Hainault Road.
[illegible] DAY, 4, Borthwick Road.
[illegible] FENNER, 37, Selby Road.
J. GOODCHILD, 20, Oakdale Road.
[illegible] W. [illegible] JEFFERIES, 68, Davies Lane, Bushwood.
H. [illegible]AW, 52, Argyle Street.
J. LEVITT, 89, Cheneys Road.
[illegible] L. MORRIS, 13, Trelawn Road.
K. PR[illegible], 157, Harrow Road.
J. PU[illegible], 43, Leyspring Road.
G. RA[illegible]OM, 4, Grove Green Road.
[illegible] TUR[illegible], "Heath Glen," Vernon Road.
[illegible] S. [illegible]NTLE, 29, Morningt[illegible]on Road.

Limehouse.
[illegible] E. HOMERSHAM, 22, Conder Street.
H. J. SYNNOTT, 11, Samuel Street, Salmons Lane.

Loughborough Park.
W. S. CAREY, 57, Loughborough Park.

Maida Hill.
[illegible] M. WARD, 61, Ashmore Road.

Maida Vale.
A. PHIPPEN, 102, Boundary Road.

(To be continued.)

QUESTION.

The weekly company drill was being conducted by the Territorial captain, who paid much more attention to the balance of his eye-glass than he did to the study of drill manuals.

Unexpectedly there arrived upon the scene one of those military "Powers That Be."

He was a fine old chap, with a red face, a white moustache, and a very nice manner, and he asked the captain if he would kindly put his company through some evolutions.

The captain did his best, and got them hopelessly mixed, but with the help of his N.C.O.'s, he at last extricated his men from the muddle, and got them once more into reasonable order.

The captain betook himself to where the general was standing, meditatively watching.

"I think, sir," he said, "that I did that rather well, you know."

"You did it beautifully," said the old general, "but may I ask what it was that you were trying to do?"

AFTER EXAMINATION.

"I've lost my ticket," said the passenger. "It was a threepenny one."

"Threepence, please," said the tube liftman.

"My dear fellow," said the passenger, "I tell you I had a ticket. Do I look the sort of man who'd tell lies for the sake of threepence?"

The liftman looked at him closely, and then he said:

"I'm afraid I must ask you for the threepence, sir."

REASONABLE DOUBTS.

"Reginald," said the young lady, "why do you look so anxious? Don't you understand that my love is as strong as a rock?"

"Yes, my darling Ermyntrude," he replied, "I know your love is strong, but I have my doubts as to the strength of this chair, which was purchased on the instalment plan."

ACCOMMODATING.

The diner put his hand in his pocket, produced the coins reposing there, and examined them.

Then his face became a rosy pink, and he searched in his other pockets.

Finally he beckoned the waiter.

"Waiter," he said, "I'm very sorry to find that I've only just enough money to pay for my dinner. I'm afraid I won't be able to give you a tip."

"Beggin' your pardin, sir," said the waiter, "would you mind letting me have your bill just for a moment? I'll add it up again."

MILD RESISTANCE.

The constable was in the box, the prisoner in the dock, and the magistrate on the bench.

"When you arrested him," said the magistrate, "did the prisoner offer any resistance?"

"Only sixpence, your worship, and I wouldn't take it."

Are YOUR Hands Tied?

Do you want to get on—SUCCEED—earn more money? Is there a certain line of work you think you could do better in—if you only had the training? Or a certain kind of position you would like to hold—only you fear your "hands are tied"?

Don't let your ambition die! Don't think your hands are tied!

Get out of the crowd of ordinary *untrained* men—whose each day's work puts them *no further ahead*—for whom the future has no *promise.*

Here is a typical letter from one whose future has been brightened by an I. C. S. course:

"I have pleasure in informing you that I have obtained a position with an increase in my salary. . . . I feel greatly indebted to the Students' Aid Department for this advance, and I can thoroughly recommend the I. C. S. Instruction to anyone who is ambitious to get on in life."

(*Signed*) *W. C. BINT, Edmonton.*

Start your advancement NOW — mark the coupon with a cross opposite the occupation you prefer, post it *to-day*, and let the International Correspondence Schools give you full information on how they can *help you* to succeed as they have thousands of others — to become an EXPERT in your chosen work—in your spare time—at home—no matter where you live or how little you earn—costs but postage—you incur no obligation.

Over 4,000 I.C.S. students have voluntarily reported promotion or advanced wages in one year.

Mark the coupon—make *your* beginning NOW!

This Coupon is for YOU.

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.,

Dept. 487/X, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify to enter, or to obtain a larger salary in, the occupation or profession **before** which I have marked X (or in the one stated here

.....)

—Electrical Engineering	—Machine Shop Practice
—Mechanical Engineering	—Architecture
—Mining Engineering	—Applied Art and Design
—Civil Engineering	—Analytical Chemistry
—Heating —Aviation	—Book-keeping
—Steam Engineering	—Shorthand and Typewriting
—Marine Engineering	—Advertising
—Gas Power & Oil Engines	—Modern Languages
—Motor Engineering	—Civil Service
—Opportunities for Women	—Over 180 Courses in all.

Name .....

Address .....

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

IMPROVING THE CARRIAGE.

I constantly receive inquiries from readers asking me to describe the best means of improving the carriage.

I reply in every case that they should, if possible, join the Territorials, for there is nothing like military training to make a man's carriage smart.

In some cases, however, business and other demands make it impossible for men to become soldiers, even in their leisure hours, and to such I would say that when they are walking they should, from time to time, bring their mind to bear upon their movements, and cover a few hundred yards with a straight back, head erect, and chest well out, in the military manner.

If this is practised periodically, it will have a highly beneficial effect upon a man's carriage.

GYMNASTICS AT HOME.

The exercise here illustrated is a simple gymnastic one which is best performed on the parallel bars, but many men can find a bed with a horizontal rail of sufficient height to be used for the purpose.

Grasp the rail with both hands close together, and place the feet some distance away from the bed, extending the arms and curving the body as shown in the sketch.

Now, by contracting the arm muscles and bending the arms, pull the body up until the chin is as nearly as possible on a level with the hands.

Keep the back hollow.

The body still remains bent at the waist, but the legs are straightened and the feet extended in line with the leg.

Then sink gradually down again to the starting position—do not simply collapse and relax the arm muscles suddenly, or half the benefit of the exercise will be lost.

The whole body profits by the movement—not only the arms, but the back muscles, the legs and ankles.

If a suitable bed is not available the edge of a chest of drawers may be used, or still better the top drawer may be opened sufficiently to allow the fingers to come over the edge.

The exercise is less difficult, however, if done with a rail that can be grasped in the hands.

PHYSICAL CULTURE FADDISTS.

It is regrettable that in some quarters the doctrine of physical culture should have gone hand in hand with crankishness. I find that certain papers and magazines devoted to physical culture advise all their readers to cease smoking and to avoid any form of alcohol, and some even go so far as to assert that the finest physical development cannot be attained except on a vegetarian diet.

This is all nonsense.

An ounce of fact is worth a hundredweight of theory, and the facts are that the best of our strong men and the finest living examples of muscular development are neither non-smokers, teetotalers, nor vegetarians.

In most doctrines there is, somewhere, an element of sense, and even in the doctrine of the crank there is a little. His demand that a man should not smoke may sensibly be interpreted into the recommendation that a man should be moderate in his consumption of tobacco, and the same applies to alcohol.

You will never find a strong man smoking or drinking a great deal, for he knows the value of moderation.

As for vegetarianism, every man who studies his body knows the value of vegetables as purifiers of the blood, but I have yet to meet a really great athlete who has built up his muscles on an exclusively vegetarian diet.

A SIMPLE RESISTANCE EXERCISE.

This exercise is one which involves no visible movement of the limbs, but which will prove very useful in developing the muscles of the upper arm, especially the triceps.

Stand in any easy position, taking care to keep the chest out and the back hollow.

Place the hands behind the back in the position illustrated and grasp the wrist of one arm with the opposite hand.

Develops the triceps principally.

Now pull with the two arms in opposite directions, exerting each to the full, as if it were trying to pull the other arm over to its side.

There should be no other movement of the body, but the whole mind should be concentrated on the efforts of the two arms.

When the pressure has been gradually increased to the maximum point, the muscles should be gradually relaxed.

Then change the position of the hands and repeat the process.

The exercise, which depends solely on the resistance of one set of muscles against the other, is as valuable as any more complicated movements can be.

CYCLING FOR STAMINA.

On several occasions I have recommended long distance walking to those who wish to acquire staying power. It is doubtful whether cycling at a moderate pace is not equally good, and to many men it appeals more strongly as an exercise than does walking.

I am not speaking of speed cycling. That is like sprint running, and does not require so much staying power as does long distance slow cycling.

Many of our finest present day athletes pin their faith to slow long-distance cycling as the best preparation for an athletic event. I know that this is the favourite preparation of Mr. Thomas Inch, the celebrated weight-lifter.

Send 1s. 1½d. for **Maxick's Great Book, the rage of the physical culture world!!! "HOW TO BECOME A GREAT ATHLETE."** It contains **information** on General Athletics, Weight-lifting, Training for Sports, Diet and Bathing, never before presented to the public! Beautiful **PHOTOGRAPHS.** Send Now!! The Verdict of all: **"IT IS WORTH POUNDS."**

Also ask for our explanatory Booklet, **"The Last Word in Physical Culture,"** which will be included Free and Post Free, or sent to any who send addressed postcard to

MAXICK & SALDO, Eton House, Eton Avenue, North Finchley, LONDON, N.

Cycling develops the muscles of the thighs in a manner that walking will never do, and it also develops to a remarkable extent the muscles of the arms.

This is not due to the muscular tension which has to be applied to the brake levers when descending steep hills, but to the constant, though slight, vibration that is transmitted from the handle-bars to the arm muscles.

This vibration has a highly beneficial effect upon these muscles, and it is seldom indeed that you will find an enthusiastic cyclist who is not also the possessor of unusually good biceps development.

Another great recommendation of cycling is that it takes a man out into the fresh air, and benefits not only his muscles but also his health.

TO EXPAND THE CHEST.

This exercise is an admirable lung-opener and chest-expander, and may well be practised immediately on rising and before setting to work on the other exercises chosen for the week.

Tense the arm-muscles in this position.

Stand erect and extend the arms horizontally in front of the body, with the fists clenched and placed together, knuckles inwards.

Then with a sudden, smart movement throw the arms back to the position shown in the sketch.

Tense the arm muscles as you do so and throw out the chest.

Pause in this position for a few seconds; then relax the tension and bring the fists together again in front of the body.

Repeat the exercise ten times.

MAXICK'S PROGRESS.

Maxick, of Munich, came to England a little more than a year ago, with extraordinary claims to physical development and muscle-control. Those who took an interest in physical culture were a little incredulous.

Maxick claimed to have performed the following feats on the Continent, although possessed of no science whatever: Two-handed press, 230lb; two-handed jerk, 319lb; whilst he weighed no more than 10st 5lb.

A meeting of the Press, medical men, and prominent athletes having been invited to attend at the Apollo-Saldo School of Physical Culture in Great Newport Street, W.C., Maxick performed the following feats, all of which were duly recognised—viz.: Single-handed jerk, 202lb, five times; two-handed military press, 220lb, twice; Continental press, clean to chest, 254lb; double-handed jerk, 302lb, double Maxick's own weight, which was, in costume, 10st 10lb.

It is interesting to note, that there are only three other men in the world who have accomplished this seemingly impossible feat, and they are Joseph Wuhr, a pupil of Maxick's who has been shown in England, but could not get a match with anybody, one of the Crotton Brothers, who was a former partner of Maxick's, and Kliment, of Austria.

A few weeks after these records had been performed, Maxick, weighing 10st 7lb, eclipsed the former feats by lifting 322½lb in a two-handed jerk (which was double his own weight and 2st added), two-handed clean lift 272lb, and 232lb single-handed jerk.

The system he has adopted in his own case has been equally successful in the case of those he has trained.

The most striking thing about Maxick's pupils is the marvellous control they possess over their muscles, and the massiveness of their development.

He is no believer in apparatus of any kind, and he predicts that within the next few years his pupils will break all records in the matter of athletic feats.

It is quite possible that they will do so, for his results with pupils to date have been phenomenally successful.

Robinson's Progress

From Shoreditch to Park Lane.

Robinson is the managing director of one of the biggest businesses in the Kingdom. His real name stands for that business, and everybody knows that he has made it out of his own brains.

Robinson moved into Park Lane last week. Now it is well-known that as a little office boy Robinson came up into the City from Shoreditch. So everybody wants to know how he made the journey.

Robinson makes no secret of the fact that it is the constant use and study of one book that has brought him from Shoreditch to Park Lane. All honour to him.

Robinson's First Start.

The firm where Robinson was employed as a boy had a set of the "Business Encyclopædia" lying about the office for the use of the staff. And Robinson, the boy, got into the way of going to it when anything puzzled him about his work.

There was a sudden row one day over a missing letter. There were other boys in the office, but it seemed to astonish the manager somewhat that little Robinson was the only one who was able to explain that under the Card-Index system this particular complication could not occur.

He was put in charge of the letters within a week, and henceforth the filing ran like clockwork. Because every system of letter-filing is explained in the "Business Encyclopædia," as well as all details of office organisation and all business information whatever.

This incident convinced him more firmly of the value of the "Business Encyclopædia" to a youth who wants to succeed in business; and he determined to have a set of his own. He bought the "Business Encyclopædia" on the Publishers' famous system of easy payments.

Robinson came across this saying of a great man about this time: "I fear the man of one book."

He made up his mind that the "Business Encyclopædia" should be his one book, not merely by purchase as it was already, but by conquest—by taking everything in it for his own. It is probable also that he made up his mind at this time that his business rivals should fear him, later on, and as soon as he was big enough to have

Business Rivals.

They do fear him to-day—that is certain.

Meantime he was just a very ambitious head office boy. He took a steady course in practical book-keeping. He did not pay heavy fees to a Tutorial Business College; he studied his "one book" at night and wrested the whole art of book-keeping from it.

He got a clerkship on the strength of his book-keeping knowledge. But when he had been clerking quite a long while, it appalled him to consider what a number of men there were who, once becoming clerks, remained at the same dead level for the rest of their lives.

He knew there is a reason for all things, and he saw that nine out of ten of the men around him were fogged entirely as soon as any question outside of the beaten track of the day book and the ledger arose. More than ever he was convinced that "Knowledge is power" in the business world, as elsewhere.

Before the yearly balance came on, he had grasped the fact that the balance is the object of all book-keeping. And so he was able, in the temporary absence of the auditor, to draw up a balance-sheet in a way that drew a compliment from the head of the firm; incidentally this caused a rise in his salary at the end of the year.

Then he began to study the "Business Encyclopædia" through, page by page; and he took himself back over the ground regularly in order to show himself that he had not forgotten what he had learned.

There was consternation in the firm's office one morning when the news came that the old stager who had attended the County Court for years had dropped dead as he was going to sit down to breakfast.

But as Robinson was able to show that he knew all about County Court work—there are sixty-nine references in the Index under points connected with County Courts alone, and Robinson had mastered them all—he found himself in the County Court within an hour, and using the somewhat difficult County Court knowledge he had made himself master of with the greatest ease in the world. Incidents of this sort happened frequently.

"The Man who Knows."

Robinson was sent for as a matter of course when a difficulty arose; and as he studied his "one book" more and more faithfully and intelligently, he was always able to solve the difficulty.

Robinson's chance came at last—as it mostly does come to those who keep themselves ready and fit to take it, all talk about bad luck notwithstanding.

A certain department was in a very bad way—Robinson was made head of this particular department, the arrangement being that he was to be paid by results. He often declared that the next two years were the very hardest he had ever lived, not excepting those first two hard years when the ambitious little office boy came up into the City out of Shoreditch.

But the next change came suddenly. Robinson was made a partner. And as he was now able to put his own ideas into practice success succeeded to success after this.

And so he moved into Park Lane last week.

Achievement.

It needs no special perspicacity to see that the cause of Robinson's business success up to this was due to the fact that he made himself master of all Business information.

Many men sat near Robinson while he was a clerk—they were equally conscientious, equally sober, equally punctual. Yet these men are clerks still, and Robinson is one of the men at the top.

The practical moral of this slight sketch is—that if you want to make money in Business you must know all about Business. The "Business Encyclopædia" is the only work that covers all the knowledge that took Robinson from Shoreditch to Park Lane.

Two Opinions.

1. Messrs. J. S. FRY & SONS, LTD., BRISTOL:—
"The volumes have already proved of great use to us and we would not be without them on any account. We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work."

2. Mr. L. C. HORSELEY, CASHIER, MARLBOROUGH ROAD, IPSWICH:—
"I find it of the greatest possible assistance to me in my work as cashier to one of the largest manufacturing companies in East Anglia. I am only sorry there were not such valuable sources of information years ago. It would have saved me hours of work."

A FREE BOOK.

The Publishers have compiled a handsomely illustrated book, which will be sent to you POST FREE. It contains information of priceless value to the man who means to succeed. It will tell you all about the "Business Encyclopædia," and how it can be obtained for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance to be paid by small monthly payments.

To the Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
52, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, a copy of the book describing "THE BUSINESS ENCYCLOPÆDIA."

Name.....
(Send this form or a postcard mentioning THE MODERN MAN).

Address..... .....

.....

THE CAMERA FIEND

A SUFFERER'S EXPERIENCES.

By VINCENT BALE.

It was Sunday morning, and all was peace. I was mooning about the square patch of arid earth my landlady calls the "gardin," smoking a pipe and feeling good and happy. George, who can be relied on to turn up whenever he is not particularly wanted, chose this moment to swoop down on me with an air of suppressed excitement and a camera.

He gazed on me with the air of a benevolent person giving something away.

"Old man," he sang out cheerily, "I'm going to take your photo."

I tried to get up a proper amount of enthusiasm, and failed lamentably. I am not fond of being photographed. My experience is that you "pose" for an hour, smiling inanely, what time the man messes about with the apparatus, and just as you ease up to assure yourself your mouth hasn't got stuck, he pulls the trigger, with the result that you come out looking as if you've just sat down on a wasps' nest, and the wasps were getting busy.

If you are so ill-advised as to show this to your friends, they will protest that it is "a perfect likeness," and declare that the expression is "so natural." If, on the other hand, you happen to show them a really decent photo of yourself, one in which you fancy you look something like George Alexander, with a touch of Lewis Waller, they will pretend not to recognise you, and say the photographer man must have mixed up the negatives. There is a good deal of nasty spirit sometimes displayed by one's friends.

Therefore, I was not specially anxious for George to try his camera on me. I said nothing, however, beyond suggesting he should go and photograph a certain potentate of darkness not usually mentioned in polite society. But I gave way to him. That's my yielding disposition.

It is my misfortune to have one of those sweet, confiding natures which never imagines evil designs on the part of other people. I could not know that George would keep me standing hours in the sun in all kinds of ridiculous postures, that his camera would go wrong as soon as it knew I was nicely "posed," or that it would indulge a playful habit of "going off" at unexpected moments, and "getting me" in undignified positions, which positions would be reproduced with painful accuracy, while, if I happened to be taken standing right way up, the result would be a hopeless blur.

Nor did I know that he made me his victim because his family, having been reduced to a state bordering on imbecility at his hands—or, rather, his camera—had one and all declared their intention of leaving the home of their childhood, unless George betook himself and his instrument of torture to Jericho forthwith.

I repeat, I knew nothing of these things. Had I known—but no matter. One of these days *I* shall have a camera, not an ordinary camera, but one of those moving picture things. Then I shall have my revenge.

George undertook to pose me. He gave me to understand in the course of the process, that this would be a photograph such as, in my wildest dreams, I had never imagined. From the way he talked you would have imagined that his camera resembled the Bay of Naples, in that having once been taken by it, people were content to die, in despair of reaching such a pitch of perfection again.

"This will be something like a photograph, old man," he assured me. I said I hoped it would.

George said I was an ass, and further remarked that people who had once been photographed by him never wanted to be photographed again. I can quite believe it.

It took a good while to get me nicely arranged. He stood me up and twisted my arms about, and knocked me here and shoved me there in what I can only describe as a cowardly fashion. Then he hoped, quite unnecessarily, that there would be room for my nose on the plate, and adjured me to look pleasant. I did my best, but if I looked as pleasantly disposed as I felt, I hardly think my expression could have been a success.

"Now, then," said George, with his finger on the button.

"Done," he said, letting it go.

But it wasn't. We found he had forgotten to put the plate in the camera.

I posed again. I have felt, ever since, a deep and burning sympathy with those unfortunate people who act as artist's models. It was just like George, to set the camera going at the same moment as I opened my mouth to shout to him to hurry up. George never had any tact.

My mouth was certainly in that picture. In fact, the picture was all mouth. I should never have supposed I possessed so much. George, on the contrary, says he always thought it was bigger still.

I did not think much of the next picture, though George declared it a wonderful success. There is certainly something on the plate, but it would take the assurance of a person whose veracity I trust more than I do George's to convince me that that something represents myself.

If the camera, as he declares, cannot lie, then I must possess a face distinctly lopsided, with an indefinite, wavy kind of outline, and the air, generally, of a good young man who died young. George says anyone can see it's me. I've noticed people always do say that if you happen to look particularly objectionable.

George says evidently I make a bad photo, which is absurd. Why, I've only to walk along Margate sands and people come and beg me to let them take my photo. They say I have a face that "takes well." And these people should know. They're in the business.

George was rude when I told him this. He does not possess a nature like mine. He has no faith in his fellows. He says these men wilfully deceive silly asses like me in order to swindle them out of ninepence. Actually, he says, an average pig would make a better photo than I do.

I suggested that, in that case, he should pose before the camera himself. We got a bit annoyed with each other over it. George is so very trying.

However, with my usual amiability, I let him pose me once more, on the understanding that this was to be the final, for that is what I am quite sure, now, that it will be the final for all time. On this occasion, he could not get me into focus. I told him he did not understand the machine. He said he thought if I stood on something it would be all right.

I stood on our "gardin seat." Our "gardin seat" is a wooden form, not very wide and none too steady. George said I was too near the edge. I stepped back.

I shall never believe that George was inspired by the sincere motives he declares he was. He must have seen that it was impossible for me to "step back a bit" on a form a foot wide. He says he miscalculated the size of my feet. I say he did it with malice aforethought.

At all events, I landed on the ground more determinedly than one usually chooses to sit down suddenly on a gritty surface. The form, after the maddening fashion of inanimate things, pinned me down resolutely. At that moment George took my photo.

The general cussedness of things decreed, of course, that that photo, as a photo, should prove a complete success. My face, emerging from a general muddle of waving legs and arms—and the form—is reproduced with a distinctness almost painful. I wear an expression of mingled alarm, astonishment, and indignation in the picture that I can quite believe true to life. Looking at that photo, you could almost imagine—if you did not know me—that I was, at the moment, using strong language!

I have never had my photo taken since that day. I do not think I ever shall again. One thing I should like to make clear, in the interests of humanity. It is, that if any camera fiend in human form comes dodging round me wanting to take my photograph, he'd better arrange where he'd like to be buried first. That's all!

ROLLING YOUR OWN.

Doctors frequently condemn cigarette smoking as being injurious to the health; but this objection cannot be urged if you adopt the practice of rolling your own.

You must, of course, use good tobacco for the purpose, and it is equally necessary for you to use pure cigarette paper. A. G. is, as most men know, the best, and cigarettes made with this paper and good tobacco will not injure your health.

One advantage in rolling your own cigarettes is that you can select any tobacco you like, instead of being tied down to the ordinary Virginia or Turkish of the ready-made cigarette. A cigarette made of a good pipe mixture is very pleasing to the palate.

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FAKE ADDRESSES.

A MATTER FOR THE POLICE.

In a large number of tobacconists' and newsagents' shops may be seen a notice which reads "Letters may be addressed here." The practice in itself is harmless enough, and puts a certain amount of money into the pocket of the shopkeeper, but it also offers further encouragement and help to the dishonest swindler in his efforts to dupe the public.

You read an advertisement in the paper offering spare-time employment, and requesting all applicants to enclose a postal order in their communication to be sent to a certain address, when they will receive particulars of the employment and the pay offered.

In many cases the address given by the advertiser is one of these letter agencies. He calls for his letters for a few nights, and then thinks it advisable to leave that district. He has no employment to offer, and when inquiries are made the shopkeeper, of course, knows nothing of the man or his whereabouts, and so he gets off to start his nefarious practice in another town.

Should a man want to send blackmailing letters and to extort money from his victim, the letter agency again assists him to carry on his roguery. It is a difficult matter to deal with, as in most cases the shopkeeper is absolutely ignorant as to the nature of the communications he receives, and of the business of his client, and once the man has left that particular town, it is very hard to trace him. It is a growing evil, and one that should be checked by making the shopkeepers responsible for the letters they receive on behalf of customers.

This would certainly decrease the number of cards bearing the sign referred to above, which is at present so often seen in the smaller shops.

With comparatively few exceptions the Poste Restante will answer the purpose of a man whose correspondence is all fair and square and above board.

JOHN E. PITT.

The foreseeing gardener will by this time have got most of his annual seeds in the ground, and perhaps the shoots may already have appeared above the soil. But he will also have kept a few seeds of each kind to be sown in early May, so as to ensure a succession of bloom right on into the autumn.

All the so-called biennials, which take two years to reach maturity and then are of no further use, should be sown early in the month. These include honesty, wallflowers, Canterbury bells, carnations, sweet william and Iceland poppies.

* * *

It is most necessary to begin early the campaign against the garden pests that attack the young plants during the summer months.

To save pansies, for which slugs have a great partiality, it is a good plan to put pieces of turnip, orange peel, or cabbage leaves here and there on the beds, for these will prove even more attractive. These "ground-baits" should be visited every night and every morning, and any slugs found on them can be removed and killed at once. Salt or lime will polish them off very quickly.

A good insect-killer should be kept handy for spraying roses and other plants which are subject to the attacks of catterpillars, green-fly, lice, wireworms, and so on.

Pyrethrum powder will prove serviceable in attacking most of the ordinary garden pests. It can be used dry, but is best mixed in the proportion of four ounces to one gill of methylated spirit and twelve gallons of water.

* * *

No doubt many of my readers, especially those who reside in the London district, possess gardens in which a very little digging brings one down to heavy, sticky clay.

Now clay may be excellent stuff for roses, but there are a lot of other plants that find it, so to speak, "a bit thick."

The stickiness of the soil, however, can be remedied by working in various kinds of household waste and other materials to break up the soil.

First and foremost, the household ashes should be saved, the cinders sifted out of them, and the ashes dug into the soil. Road scrapings, if obtainable, and peat moss litter or strawy manure if they can be got from a local stable, should also be forked in.

Lime is a most useful expedient to break up heavy clay soils, but it must be spread freely over the ground before being forked in.

Often it is necessary to get in some extra soil from outside—the top spit of a piece of old pasture land is most suitable—and this is the quickest way of getting the soil into condition, though it is naturally more expensive.

The hoe is an implement which is not used enough by the small gardener, but its use is most essential when the soil is heavy and composed largely of clay.

In a new garden of which the soil is clayey, a thorough trenching should be the first work undertaken.

C. B. STAINER.

THE MAXICK-SALDO SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

...complished more in one year than all other ...ave in ten! By its means, hundreds who have ...t of ever enjoying the sweets of life have been ...ut of the slough of ill-health, and the morass of ...g, and led into the fields of pleasure where ...orous health has her dwelling. Through the honest methods of doing business, which have been our watchword since the beginning, we have built up a name which none can besmirch. And during the hours of labour we have found time to expose the quacks who have sprung into being during the last few years. The greatest factor in our methods of treatment, whether our pupil be a famous athlete or victim of one of the many ills that afflict mankind, is **THE INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION!!!** Each case is dealt with by us personally. **ALL** correspondence is absolutely private. ...are not handed over to the tender mercies of the ...boy for attention. **WE** do not send you a mass of **DUPLICATED LETTERS.** There is no case like another. In all cases there is the **individual** to be considered, and this cannot be overlooked. Therefore **WE WARN** all who long for Health and Strength to **BEWARE** of the man who sends you **DUPLICATED LETTERS OF ADVICE!!!**

The Challenge which we have issued to other systems from time to time has not been answered!!! Why? Because there can be no answer to so straightforward a challenge. Here we repeat it, and if there be NO REPLY, the Public can draw the ONLY POSSIBLE CONCLUSION!!!

OUR CHALLENGE!!!

"Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," and to our flatterers, *i.e.*, those who are gradually getting in the thin end of the wedge, and trying to imitate our System and Methods, we make the following offer.

...principal come with a pupil, and undergo a ...test of strength and muscle-control in the ...ence of a committee of members of the medical faculty. Both principals and pupils are to take part. This is open to any system in the world!!!

We hold testimonials from pupils who swear by our ...em, and all are unanimous in their appreciation of ...courteous treatment, in allowing them, as we do, to ...the fee in any way convenient and in instalments ...ending over any period.

Maxick performing his wonderful cure-all, one-sided control of the abdomen. Alternate contraction of the right and left leaflets, will cure practically every functional disorder of the stomach and intestines.

All indorse our claim to give Individual Instruction! We spend valuable time and thought, and go to any trouble to satisfy our pupils. For this reason **we keep business down to its limit**, because it is **absolutely impossible** to teach a great number of pupils individually.

We can instruct **500** pupils individually for the amount of money that one Physical Culture Expert spends upon **one** advertisement! and our challenge is particularly extended to this man.

There are reasons why you should try **our system** in preference to any others. Not the least of these is **that we have only one system**, and, once you have taken it, you will not be **worried to buy another!**

The Greatest reason, however, is because **Maxick** has performed feats of strength far beyond any ever done by any man of his weight in the world.

Maxick's records are not paper records, but were witnessed by some of the best-known sportsmen in the country. This is more wonderful when you are told that **Maxick** is not a weight-lifter! He merely performed these feats in order to show the wonders of the System!

We have had the greatest success in curing **Indigestion, Constipation, Debility, etc., because** we have a **wonderful system**, and **because we treat individually!!!**

"THE LAST WORD IN PHYSICAL CULTURE," a booklet which will give full particulars of the Wonderful **MAXICK-SALDO SYSTEM**, will be sent **Free and Post Free**, to any reader who sends a card with Name and Address to:—

MAXICK & SALDO,
Eton House, Eton Avenue,
North Finchley, London, N.

We have no apparatus to sell, and no new and improved Systems to force upon you every few months. We are genuine men who can afford to be genuine, because we have no huge staff to pay, or palatial offices to keep up!!

See also Notice of MAXICK'S GREAT BOOK on another page.

Sheffield, *March 31st, 1911.*

"Please accept my very best thanks for your past advice which has turned out so well for me.

"With your kind aid I shall have almost recovered all **I have lost with other people. I cannot say how grateful I am to you.**

N.B."

Money-Making comes very hard to some, whilst to others it is surprisingly easy. The above is a case in point. What was it that turned the tide of N.B's fortunes? Simply EXPERIENCE—that Golden Key to the vast opportunities that are ready on every hand if we will but realise them. The successful men who are amassing wealth won that experience. It is the secret of their success—and ours. It is the basis of the Perfected System operated by the

National Share Exchange

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W&BB	41	5	0	JAD	120	0	0	GH	20	10	0	ELF	90	0	0
ARF	80	0	0	FHW	50	10	0	GHP	33	11	0	TW	24	0	0
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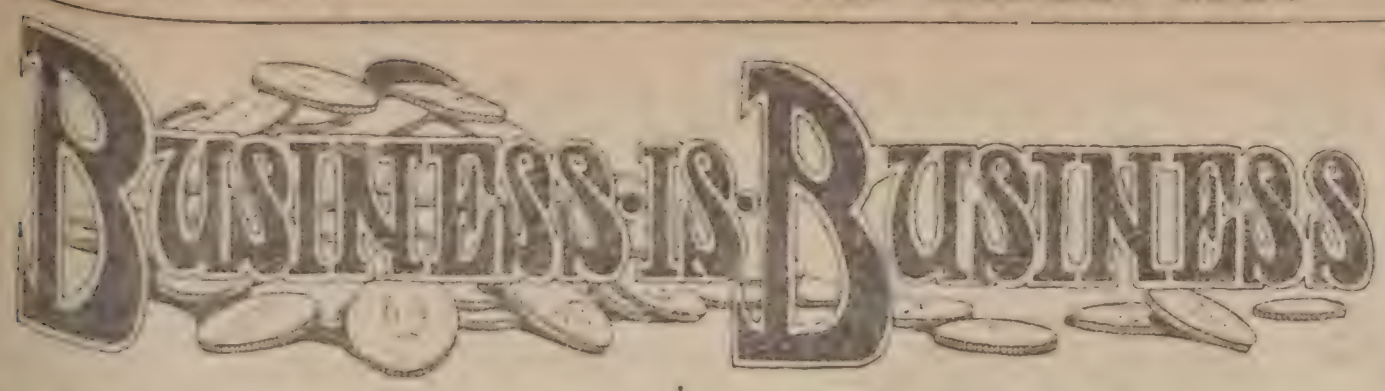

GETTING A WELCOME.

Business men are of two kinds—those who sit in an office or remain in some fixed place of business all day and those who move about and visit them.

It is to the latter class that my remarks this week more particularly refer. The commercial traveller, no doubt, forms the greater part of this army of the "bees" of commerce, who flit from flower to flower or office to office gathering honey as they go.

But there are many others who come into close personal contact with clients and prospective clients every day, and depend very largely on their presence and address for their success.

There are some men who possess the art of getting a welcome wherever they go; others have the unfortunate faculty of making themselves so unpleasant at the first interview that the second is not looked forward to and is terminated as soon as possible.

It is not merely a question of manners, but of manner. Some men seem to carry a perpetual challenge in their manner. They imagine that they have a right to see you when they please, and to take up as much of your time as they like. They make it evident that they are only doing business with you because you are useful, and seem to consider themselves greatly injured if they do not manage to get something out of you.

Such men do not usually get a welcome. Interviews with them are purely a matter of business, to be avoided if possible, or, at least, ended as soon as the immediate business is done.

With other men, on the other hand, the business seems to be almost a secondary affair, to be attended to at your convenience in a business-like manner, but still as pleasantly as possible.

Though they may not be as importunate as the former class, and though they are content to take your word for it when you tell them that you have no business for them at the moment, they get quite as much business from you, and probably more.

If they find you too busy to attend to them at once, they are quite content to wait or to call again, or they will get through their business without any unnecessary delay and leave you at the slightest hint.

It is a great art to know precisely when to take one's *congé*. The closing of a book, the pushing back of a chair, or various such semi-unconscious signals will be enough for the smart man. He will be taking his leave almost before the other man is aware that he wants him to go.

If, on the other hand, he catches his man at a fairly slack time, he is sure of a welcome for his conversational powers; or, may be, he has a stock of anecdotes which are always acceptable.

I know of at least one traveller in London who can be relied on to have a completely new and genuinely funny story each time he calls. He is sure of a welcome, if only for his story, which is passed on as quickly as a really good story generally is. Where he gets them all from I do not know. I wish I did.

Topics of conversation should always be chosen with strict regard to the man with whom you are dealing. If you happen to know that he holds the same political views as you do, talk politics by all means, but if he differs from you or if he is not particularly interested, keep off politics altogether.

Above all, it is only the cheerful man who gets a welcome. The man who brings an atmosphere of gloom into the office with him is not encouraged to stay or to call again.

S. T. YOUNG.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

HOME RAILS.

At the moment of writing this market still shows firmness, and, as the Easter returns are all that could be desired, there does not appear to be any likelihood of any great set-back; but when a reaction does come operators need not hesitate to buy the whole list.

Central London Ordinary stock has been good, and speculative investors are beginning to appreciate the great business that will accrue to the line when the Liverpool Street extension is at work.

All stations from Shepherd's Bush will carry travellers by the Great Eastern who previously used cabs and 'buses owing to the break between the Bank and the Great Eastern terminus.

The recent issue of 4½ per cent. Preference is quoted at ten premium, and yielding as it does at that price £4 1s. 9d. per cent. is a cheap Trustee security.

The South-Eastern and Chatham showed an excellent increase for the Easter week over the same week last year, and "Dover A" is one of the best purchases in the Home Railway Market.

AMERICANS.

Prices in this market are decidedly easier, and I am inclined to think that the downward movement will go much further.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN RAILS.

Trunk 3rds are still a good speculative purchase, and the traffic returns are showing excellent increases.

Mexican Railway Stocks have had a set-back owing to the fighting that has taken place between the Revolutionaries and the Federal troops near the American border. This only affects the price of the stocks of this railway sentimentally, as the disturbance is over one thousand miles distant, and holders need not sell in consequence.

RUBBER.

These shares have shown little change, but the prospects, especially of the lower-priced shares, are as good as ever.

OIL SHARES.

These are better, and this market has every appearance of further improvement, especially Premier Oil and Pipe Line shares and Mexican Eagles.

MINES.

There is very little doing in this section, and the spasmodic spurts which have taken place lately in South Africans have made very little difference in prices.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. S. (Cork).—You should keep your Oil shares, especially as the market shows so many signs of activity; if you have any spare cash you might add a few Maikop Pipe Line and Transport shares to your present holding.

J. W. (Glasgow).—Sorry know nothing about the company you name.

"SONNY" (Hereford).—No need to feel anxious; the depression is only temporary and will not be very severe.

J. S. (Dundee).—Do not advise a purchase of oil ventures.

"MAC" (Edinburgh).—Galician Oil Trust may or may not be all right, but I should not buy at this price.

H. S. (Bristol).—Way-Halims are a sound and promising Rubber investment.

J. S. (Birmingham).—Farrow's Bank, 1, Cheapside, London, E.C., is an excellent institution for small country tradesmen who wish to have a London banking account, and would suit your purpose.

A. B. (Glasgow).—The Oil boom certainly looks like coming. You ought to spread your money over Maikop Pipe Line, Premier Oil and Pipe Line, and Mexican Eagle Oil Co. shares.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

FISHING REELS.

A big reel is better than a small one. You can easily fish for small fry with a big reel, but you cannot comfortably or successfully angle for "whoppers" with a small one.

Moreover, a big reel balances the rod better, holds more line, and winds it in quicker.

Of course, you don't want a reel the size of a soup-plate, and for all ordinary purposes a 4-inch Nottingham reel is good enough.

It should work on the centre-pin system, and be provided with an optional check, while it should have crossbars or a line guard.

As to price, you may run up to seventy or eighty shillings for a large gun metal or aluminium reel, but on the other hand you can get a good serviceable reel which will last as long as you like for half-a-guinea or so.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SELBY'S METHODS

By

ADAM STERN.

The two elderly men—Samuel Wimbridge, one of the veteran chainmakers of Moulden, Staffordshire, and his clerk, Ernest Hunt, who had been his faithful servant for nearly forty years—surveyed each other with apathetic helplessness.

The letter, the cause of their mutual obmutescence, lay open on the old shabby desk in the little office, among the few others which had come by the morning's post.

It said, in effect, that Messrs. Fennimore and Bent, the ironfounders, could not wait any longer for payment of their account, and if cheque were not forthcoming within three days from date action would be taken which would prove exceedingly unpleasant.

For fully a minute neither ventured to speak. Each was listening, perhaps, to the sound of intermittent hammering in the works, where there had once been employed a hundred or more hands, and now only a dozen or so were kept regularly engaged.

"It's a bad business," said Hunt, with a lugubrious scowl at the letter.

"Means bankruptcy," said Wimbridge, pulling at his chin beard with gnarled and restless fingers.

"Couldn't someat still be done, think you?"

"What is there left as can be done? We've reached the limit of our tether. Bank's overdrawn, works mortgaged right up to the hilt, creditors a shaky lot, can't shift a penny out of any of 'em. And there's three fifty quid wanted in three days. They might as well ask for three thousand and fifty."

"You could ha' paid 'em, too, if things were what they have been."

"Ay," said Wimbridge, with recollections of former prosperity. "And I have done—more than once," he added, taking some pride in his achievements. "I done the biggest trade in Moulden once upon a time. . . . Not now, though," he muttered.

"You'll never convince me as business won't pick up if we can only tide over the present difficulty," said Hunt, optimistic only in words, for his face was still gloomy.

"No," said Wimbridge with a shake of the head, "things ha' gone past us, Ernest. They're different to what they were. . . . We're getting old, I suppose."

His voice failed a little.

"We can still go on, I tell you," repeated Hunt doggedly. "We've gone through worse times than this. The oldest established firm in the trade—you ain't going to let it die out for the sake of a bit more trying." (The Black Countryman's stubborn resistance to defeat was strong in Ernest Hunt.) "We've got a good name. We've always acted straight. You'd find many would help you, if only you went and asked 'em."

"Who?" said Wimbridge. He tugged at his beard as he looked at him.

"No, no," he went on, as Hunt supplied no answer, "we've got no security. Who's going to lend us money if we can't show nothing to warrant it? You wouldn't have me begging for charity, Ernest."

"I say your word is good enough security," insisted Hunt.

"Ay," said Wimbridge with a sigh. He was too disheartened to argue further.

"You go to the bank and put the circumstances before them," urged Hunt. "If they won't do anything, then ask 'Kiah Guest. Ask Benjamin Taylor. Ask Chris Barnett. They're all old pals o' yours, and all made enough to retire on. You——"

"And what they'll want to know," interrupted Wimbridge, bitterly, "is why *I* ain't made enough to retire on. They went out at the right time. I stuck on—and this is what I've come to. You can't persuade men to trust a man who they think is a fool, Ernest."

"Will you only *try* 'em?" said Hunt, speaking louder. Frustration was making him angrily impatient.

"I'll try 'em if you like," said Wimbridge, becoming submissive. "I know it won't do any good, though."

"Well, see, anyhow," said Hunt, partly mollified.

He did not perceive that Wimbridge's lack of confidence was probably the cause of the firm's undoing. They had worked too long together to be critical of one another's weaknesses.

Wimbridge went out and was absent until nearly dinner-time. Then he came back, his lips more than customarily tight-set, a grey strained look about his temples.

"I told you it 'ud be waste of time," he said. And he averted his eyes from Hunt's face. "I shall go and see about filing my petition this afternoon," he added, fumbling with some papers on his desk.

Hunt opened his mouth to say something, then turned suddenly and left the office, swearing under his breath. He realised at last the folly of fighting the inevitable.

Yet early in the afternoon he had a suggestion to make, intercepting Wimbridge just as he was about to set out to interview his solicitor.

"Look here," he said, his tone curtly desperate, "I've been thinking there's one man we've overlooked who might be willing to help us."

"Who's that?" said Wimbridge.

"Richard Selby . . . I know you don't like him,"——for Wimbridge had winced at the name of the most go-ahead man in Moulden—— "but we can't afford to let feelings stand in the way of business. And he must be making money fast. He'd let us have three-fifty for a time, I'm certain, if we told him how we are placed."

"Never!" contradicted Wimbridge, emphatically. "He's the last man to do it, unless we could offer security. I reckon him the hardest hand at driving a bargain in the district—and that's saying a deal. Besides, you're not far wrong in saying I don't like him. He's never done me any good, and I don't hanker to be under any obligation to him."

"It's certainly galling to go to a man less than half your age," conceded Hunt, unconsciously putting his finger on the real genesis of the antipathy, "but when there's nothing else to do, and failure's staring you in the face——"

"I don't intend to be beholden to Richard Selby for anything," snapped Wimbridge.

The telephone bell rang. He mechanically picked up the receiver. A moment later he glanced queerly at Hunt.

"Yes, I was just going out; but if you're coming at once I'll wait," he said, as a conclusion to a brief conversation.

"Selby, himself," he informed Hunt. "Rum coincidence, him ringing up just then. Says he wants a talk with me. I'm wondering whether he's heard anything."

Unwittingly, the rancour had faded from his voice, now that it appeared possible that assistance would be forthcoming without his having the humiliation of soliciting it.

"You can bet he has," returned Hunt cheerfully. "That's Richard Selby all over. Hear of a thing that's wanted to be done, and the next that happens is he's doing it."

Within three minutes Richard Selby, whose works were in the same street, opened the door and walked in.

"Hullo, Sam!" he said, with his usual cheerful briskness. He gave a nod to Hunt, and promptly straddled a stool.

"What's the truth of this report that you're going out of business?" he said, lighting a match and applying it to his pipe. It appeared that he understood Wimbridge to be contemplating the step from choice.

Wimbridge cast a glance of uncertainty at Hunt. The supposition was flattering, but it rendered explanation difficult.

"You mean retiring?" he suggested.

"That's it," said Richard, who found the term as good as any other.

"Well, there's something in it," admitted Wimbridge. "It's either that, or I've got to raise some money for the time being."

He contemplated Richard's abstracted eyes for a moment, wondering what were the thoughts they hid, but like many others he failed to read them. The fault of most people who tried to sum up Richard was that they usually suspected him of scheming, whereas he was merely simple and direct.

"What makes you come and ask the question, anyhow?" inquired Wimbridge.

"Thought of buying the business—if it's going at a price," answered Richard laconically. "I've got other thoughts about it."

"Well, it isn't," snapped Wimbridge.

"Right-ho," said Richard, who, nevertheless, did not move.

There was a noticeable pause, in which Wimbridge displayed restlessness.

He thought of Richard's steady progress since his never-to-be-forgotten "smash" in comparison with his own falling-off, and it was only human and natural that the disparity should magnify his sense of injustice and misfortune.

"You reckon I'm about done for, I suppose," he said, heatedly, "—coming here and offering to buy me up before you've even been asked. What if I came and did the same to you?"

"I should say no, and have done with it," replied Richard, with perfect truth.

"You think I'm on my last legs."

"I hope you're not. But if you are—and you're selling—I'm willing to buy. That's the whole substance of the matter, Sam."

Wimbridge would have refused again, but that he caught a glance from Hunt.

"I'm wanting to borrow money, that's the trouble," he said, haltingly. "I've got a bill for three-fifty for iron, which has to be settled in three days, and it means raising a loan to meet it. I'd pay ten per cent. if anybody 'ud lend it me. But you've got to understand I've got nothing to offer as security—only my word."

Richard's expression did not change, and he proceeded with more encouragement.

"I figure I could pay it back in six months, or at the outside in twelve, but it's for you to say whether it's good enough or not. I reckon trade can't get any worse, and if it once starts to pick up . . ."

He waited with anxious eagerness.

"What's the alternative, Sam?" said Richard, after several puffs.

"Bankruptcy, as far as I can see."

"Ah!" A pause. "You believe three-fifty would set you on your feet?" said Richard, making a very deliberate question of it.

"I——" Wimbridge hesitated.

"It wouldn't," said Richard downrightly. "Nor

double nor treble as much, I fancy. You'd be in the same fix in six months—or worse."

"How do you know that?" demanded Wimbridge, his temper getting possession of him again.

"You want it straight?" said Richard, who always liked it straight himself.

"I can stand it," said Wimbridge, though he first of all winced.

"Because digging one hole to fill another does no good," said Richard. "And your business has been steadily declining for years."

"That's true," said Wimbridge, with an involuntary nod.

"Ever strike you who's to blame, Richard?" he said, entirely without resentment. "It's you, I know. You get on too fast. You work too hard. You've got too many ideas. There's no chance for the old 'uns when the strong young man puts his hand on their shoulders and says 'Here! out o' the road! I want to get on; I want to get there!'

"That's what you've been doing, Richard. Not only to me, but to many another in Moulden. You don't know you're doing it, and it's no use expecting you to alter. I don't say but what your sort, in the long run, do better for the community than the jog-alongs. But somebody's got to suffer—and I'm one. Somebody always does suffer for progress. You remind me of a wheel—rolling steady and crushing things. . . .

"Look at this chain trade you've been at since a lad! The wise 'uns cleared out soon after you started. They saw there wouldn't be room . . . . You introduced machinery, you brought in standard wages, you made the work-limit fifty-four hours a week. You got an increased wage all round for the women.

"I don't maintain as these reforms are not good. But they're *reforms*; and it takes time for old stagers to adjust themselves. And while they're adjusting, you're on ahead doing something else.

"Here you own no bigger works than I do, nor bigger than a dozen others. Yet your decision holds good whatever it is—and you're a chicken by the side of some of us.

"And now, of course, you're feeling the need to enlarge. And my works happen to be nearest within reach—and you're stretching out your hand to take 'em.

"I don't blame you. But don't put us all down as flats, for it's only from us that lose that you have a chance to gain. We go under and you come top—and that's life."

Richard had re charged his pipe, and was now ruminatively scrutinising the bowl.

"I believe there's enough for all," he said, "but you've got to hustle to get it. Men don't live *on* one another but *by* one another. At least they should do in a properly organised society."

"This case proves it, don't it?" said Wimbridge, with a sort of rueful sarcasm.

"I rather fancy it does," said Richard, reverting characteristically to facts. "You can't run your business at a profit; you seem to think that I can. Very well. Hand it over at a price. You specialised at one time in hoist and rigging chain. I can't turn out all I can sell. So let's have these works and devote them entirely to those two lines. I'll take over the whole bag of tricks, subject to agreeable terms, and providing the concern's solvent. I shall want a manager and I shall want a chief clerk. You, Mr. Hunt, I hope will stay on. As for you, Sam. . . . Well, if it's no humiliation to work for a younger man, I shall be very glad of your aid and experience. It's better than bankruptcy, anyhow."

He stood up, brisk, alert, smiling not at all. The light of action was in his eyes.

Wimbridge sat with locked hands, staring at the dirty wall, his lips tight as he thought.

Something made Richard put his hand on his shoulder.

"I'd like your answer now," he said.

"All right," said Wimbridge, looking up, his face clearing. "It's agreed, Richard. I'll work for you."

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—EDITOR.]

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE ALL-IMPORTANT LAPELS.

With an overcoat, and to a certain extent with a lounge jacket, the general smartness or otherwise of its appearance depends very largely on the set of the lapels.

Some men wear a coat in such a careless way that the lapels soon become rolled out of their proper shape, and creases and folds appear down the front of the coat.

A little care, however, in buttoning up the coat occasionally and in folding it properly will avoid this and help the lapels to keep their shape and lie flat to the chest.

An occasional pressing with a hot iron will often do much to prevent a coat showing premature signs of age.

Overcoats, especially of the light rainproof kind, are particularly liable to lose their shape about the collar and chest owing to the fact that the collar is frequently turned up in bad weather. An occasional pressing will be necessary to counteract this.

FASHIONABLE CAPS.

The most fashionable type of cap at the present time is that which has plenty of cloth in the crown, and also has a fairly pronounced peak.

It is difficult to say much more than that, for one can scarcely describe in words the difference between a well made cap and a badly made one. The best tip I can give my readers is to pay a good price for their caps, and to go to the best cap-maker in their own particular town when they make a purchase.

The cheap cap, even if it is full in the crown, is wrong in shape in some way or another. The fulness does not come in the right place, the peak is not quite the correct shape, the colour is harsh and unpleasing.

There is a world of difference between a good cap and a cheap one, just as there is between the work of a good photographer and a "picture-post-card-of-yourself" merchant.

CAP COLOURS.

It was the fashion some time ago to have your cap of the same material as the rest of your suit, but this fashion has almost entirely died out. The reason is that it is practically impossible for the average tailor to get a cap turned out properly.

Cap-making is an art in itself, and there are only a few firms who can do the business in the best style, and they supply the hatters and hosiers and not the tailors.

In selecting a cap, it is wisest to choose one of a nondescript grey or of a shepherd tartan pattern, as caps of this colour will go with any shade of suit.

EAR FLAPS.

I am rather glad to find that the fantastic caps introduced for the benefit of motorists, and adopted by other men, have now lost their popularity to a great extent. I refer to those with the huge ungainly ear flaps, which were buttoned above the crown of the cap.

These are, of course, still excellent for motoring, but they are now confined to motorists, and other men who wear caps dispense with ear flaps.

A MOTORING TIP.

Cap-makers have done their utmost to meet the requirements of motorists, but they have been none too successful. It has been left to the motorist himself to adapt the existing form of cap to suit his own needs, and he has worked the oracle in a very simple manner by turning the cap back to front.

If you go in for motoring, whether it is on a motor-car or a motor-cycle, you will find that it is a great comfort to put your cap on backwards, so that the peak covers the nape of your neck.

This serves a double purpose. The cap sticks tightly to your head and is not blown off, and the peak, covering the back of your neck, prevents the dust from getting down between your neck and your collar.

When you wear a cap for motoring with the peak over the forehead in the usual manner, the wind has a trick of catching it underneath and sending it clean off your head.

TO CURE SQUEAKING BOOTS.

I have referred before to the old superstition that new boots squeak if they have not been paid for. Far be it from me to discredit any superstition, but though this may be true, it is certainly not only those boots that have not been paid for that are apt to be afflicted with a musical sole.

The most self-confident man is reduced to a nervous wreck if he cannot take a step without a loud squeak of protest coming from his boots.

The remedy usually recommended is to stand the boots in a shallow bath of oil for some time. This is undoubtedly efficacious in stopping the squeaking if you can do without the boots for a sufficiently long time, but the oil is apt to discolour the boots and prevents their taking a good polish for many weeks.

A better plan is to bore a small hole in the centre of each sole and drive in a wooden peg, tapered to a point.

This will stop the squeaking, which is generally caused by the friction of two different layers of leather in the sole.

BOOT TONGUES.

The "tongue" of a boot or shoe is a most necessary part of the whole, and not by any means a mere ornament.

Without it the boot would become filled with dust and dirt which would soon find its way through the sock. Also it protects the instep from being chafed by the laces inside the boot, and keeps out the rain in wet weather.

It ceases, however, to fulfil its function if it slips to one side, as those tongues which are fixed only at the bottom are most liable to do.

Moreover, it becomes most uncomfortable if it develops a habit of "kinking" in the middle, so that you have a hard ridge between the boot and your foot.

To avoid all these troubles, it is a simple plan to make a small hole in the necessary place at the top of the tongue, and to pass the end of the lace through it before putting it through the top button-hole or over the top hook.

This should only be done, of course, if the laces are soft mohair ones, for a thick leather lace is liable to cause as much discomfort as a *lingua* of the kind I have referred to.

DUST AND BOOTS.

In my humble opinion nothing looks worse than a pair of dusty black boots, for they are rather suggestive of the tramp. A pair of dusty brown boots, on the other hand, are not, to me, offensive.

I do not know why it is, but brown boots appear to be more fitted for country walks, and if they are well besprinkled with dust they seem to look

THE NAME

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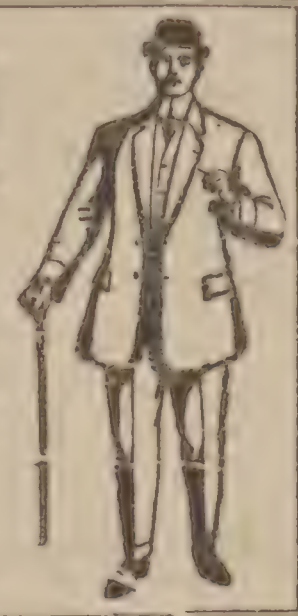
On a suit is like the 22-carat hall-mark on gold—a guarantee of the best quality. The McKinley goods are all-British. We use only reliable Scotch, English and Irish materials, employ only expert London cutters and tailors, and guarantee perfection of fit, style and workmanship. Yet our prices compare most favourably with those of other firms.

SUITS (to measure) — — — — — — 25s. to 50s.
RAINPROOF OVERCOATS (to measure) — — 25s. to 45s.
BREECHES (to measure) — — — — — 10s. 6d. to 21s.

Carriage paid. No Extras. We refund your money in full if we fail to fit you perfectly and give you complete satisfaction.

SEND TO-DAY for our Booklet "M.N." our splendid range of Spring Patterns, Fashion Plates, tape measure, copies of unsolicited testimonials, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart, which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. They will be sent to you free and post paid. Write or call



C. & G. McKINLEY *Tailoring Specialists*

(TAILORING DEPT.), **7, GRESHAM STREET** (Opposite G.P.O.), **LONDON, E.C.**

There is no secret

in the success of our wonderful process of scientific dry-cleaning. It has been practised successfully by us for many years and it gives new life to the oldest suit. It removes all spots, stains and creases, making the shabby suit ready for immediate smart wear, at a cost of only 3/9, and the time never exceeds four days.

Write to-day for booklet "Pride of Dress" and address of nearest branch or agency.

Achille Serre

(Nettoyage à Sec), Limited,

—White Post Lane,—
Hackney Wick, London.

('Phone 1265 East.)

Carriage Paid one way on orders sent direct.

but little the worse for it. Black boots, however, change their colour so completely with a coating of dust that they seem to be out of place.

This may only be a personal feeling of my own, but I think it best for a man to put on a pair of brown boots if he knows that he is going to cover ground that will make them dust-laden.

GOOD STUFF, WELL CUT.

I have just received from Messrs. C. and G. McKinley, of 7, Gresham Street, E.C., a packet of patterns of the materials used by them in making their lounge suits.

The patterns are of necessity not large, for they are the same as those sent to Messrs. McKinley's many customers all over the country, but I think I know enough about cloth to be able to tell that this is good stuff.

I do not pretend that you could not get better stuff in Bond Street—if you chose to pay Bond Street prices. But with Bond Street rents to pay, a tailor could not afford to give you anything like such good value for the money.

However, good material is not much use without good cut, style, and fit, and from my own experience of Messrs. McKinley's productions, I know that my readers need have nothing to fear in that respect, always supposing that they are sufficiently intelligent to take their own measurements correctly—and even here the directions given are so precise that no great amount of intelligence is necessary.

WHERE FASHIONS COME FROM.

In everything concerning feminine dress it is generally admitted that we, as a nation, play second fiddle to France. "Paris fashions" have authority in every quarter of the globe where European dress is worn.

In the matter of men's costume, however, England leads the way. America, it is true, refuses to conform to our views, but America (in which I am sorry to have to include Canada) stands alone in the matter of dress.

But where, then, do our English fashions spring from? Popular superstition, of course, imagines that the King is responsible for every change of fashion.

No doubt His Majesty's taste carries great weight in matters of fashion. King George has an undisputed claim to be considered the best-dressed man in London, but it can hardly be possible to trace every vagary of fashion back to him.

During the late King Edward's reign fashions came and went which His Majesty, so far from originating, never even adopted. Yet they were none the less fashions while they lasted.

As far as the actual cut and style of garments go, I am inclined to believe that the real autocrats are the tailors of a certain circumscribed area in the West-End.

They are closely in touch with the public taste, and though they can force nothing upon the public they can experiment and throw out suggestions. If these "catch on" among their immediate and aristocratic clientèle, they are likely to become generally fashionable.

We all know how the Paris dressmakers try to popularise any new fashion which they wish to introduce. They throw out "feelers" in the shape of *mannequins*, who attend race meetings and social functions wearing dresses in the new style.

The "hobble skirt" and the "harem skirt" were both boomed in this way. The former "caught on," and the latter did not; but it was public opinion, or at least feminine opinion, that had the casting vote.

Is it not probable that something of the same kind takes place with any proposed alteration in the style of the mere man's clothes? The general opinion is sounded in this way, though the place of the *mannequins* may be taken by leaders of fashion on whom nothing can look wrong.

THE INFLUENCE OF OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

But although minor alterations of style may be originated in London itself, there is no doubt that Oxford and Cambridge have a great influence on the broader questions of fashion.

The Norfolk coat, for instance, owes its popularity mainly to the 'Varsities, where the tendency is always towards comfort rather than smartness in clothes.

The origin of the fashion is not far to seek. For some reason best known to themselves, the "Townees," as the non-University young men are generally called at Oxford and Cambridge, delighted in passing themselves off as undergraduates.

The universal habit of wearing a lounge suit made this very easy for them, but when the 'Varsity man, who very naturally objected, took to wearing a comfortable Norfolk and flannel trousers, the "Townee" could not follow, for he could not turn up at his office or shop in this garb, whereas the 'Varsity man could and does attend lectures so attired.

Only when he is actually in the examination schools or taking his degree does he have to wear "*sub fusc.*" beneath his gown—or, in other words, a suit of black, dark blue or dark grey, with black boots and a white bow tie.

SOAP AND WATER.

With regard to a man's underclothes, he has, of course, no fear of having soap and water applied to them as often as may be necessary, but the same means of attaining cleanliness may, in many cases, be applied to his outer garments.

Navy blue suits, for example, will often profit by an application of ordinary soap and water. Fancy vests, particularly those made of the substantial and rather horsey-looking materials woven in patterns that are described as Tattersall checks, can be washed without the slightest injury.

Caps also can usually be washed without danger, but it is wise in the case of a cap to stretch it over a pudding basin or something else to prevent it from shrinking when drying.

SOMETHING SPECIAL IN BELTS 1/6 EACH Post 2d.

WRITE FOR SPRING LIST

In NAVY BROWN or MYRTLE WEB

Pockets for Watch & Money

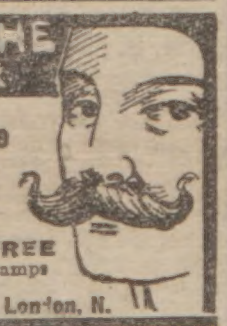
Invaluable to Cyclists.

Please mention "Modern Man."

JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD.,

(Dept. MM4), 117 and 118, CHEAPSIDE and MILK STREET, E.C.

FREE MOUSTACHE GROWER

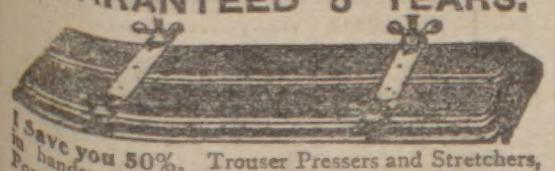


Pendun's Moustache Pomade is the *only* preparation advertised which will absolutely force a Moustache at any age like magic. So that readers can prove this for themselves A WEEK'S SUPPLY will be sent FREE to any address in plain wrapper for 3 penny stamps to defray postage, &c. Write now to A. PENDUN (Dept. D), 597, Holloway Rd., London, N.

C. E. B.

CLOTH EVER BEST.
EVERY SATISFACTION GIVEN.
Best-made Suits from.....26s. 6d. to 55s.
Suit Lengths from .....3s. to 9s. yard.
Patterns and full Particulars Free.
C. E. BRIERLEY & CO., 33, Station Street, Huddersfield.

GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.



Price 5/9 Gives an elegant crease. Carriage paid.

I save you 50%. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome Polished Oak, Plated Fittings. Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pair. 7 days' approval. Money returned if not satisfied. Send for Illustrated List, Free.

4/11 Unpolished.

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem London."

Oatine

When the face tingles and burns after shaving, OATINE immediately soothes the irritated skin and relieves all tenderness.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 3d. in stamps (½d. stamps preferred), a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations and book on Face Massage.

THE OATINE CO., 78a, Oatine Bldgs., Mermaid Ct., London, S.E.

SUITS FOR NOTHING.

If our Suits at 23/6 and 27/6 are not equal in cut, quality, and style to thousands advertised and sold at 45/- and 55/-, you can keep the Suit and we will refund you your money.

There is a reason why we give better value than other firms. You will find all particulars in Booklet which we will send you along with patterns, free and post paid.

Send postcard for FREE PATTERNS.

Together with patterns, we send you fashion plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, and tape measure.

ONE SILVER AND TWO GOLD MEDAL AWARDS.

Read our unique list of unsolicited testimonials. £5,000 forfeited if not absolutely genuine.

Gold Medal Suits to Measure 23/6 to 45/-

Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned in full.

CURZON BROS.,

(Dept. 142), 60,62, City Road, London, E.C.

West End Depot: Pembroke House (First-floor Showrooms), 133/135, Oxford St., W. Those residing in London should call.

"He is a man with a peculiar far-seeing gift," says Modern Society.

Dr. R. Marouche, M.D., B.S.C.—"The accuracy with which he depicted my life facts known only to myself leaves me somewhat perplexed."

Capt. A. R. Walker, R.E.—"He told me of events my most intimate friends could not know, and things are happening exactly as he foretold, in spite of the fact that he has never seen me."

Clifton Bingham writes:—"Mysterious is all I can say of your marvellously correct review of my life and present position."

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1s. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a

FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE

from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. S. V. ZAZRA, 80, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.

A Professional Man writes:—YOU ASTONISH & HELP

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

A. S. BLACK, 4, Uplands Road, Hornsey, N., wishes to correspond with a reader in the Westmorland and Cumberland Yeomanry.

F. J. C. (Huntingdon) writes:—In your Brief Replies section of this week's issue I notice that you advise A. M. (Bristol) to see a vet. about curing his dog of the mange. If this correspondent will get what is known as gas-water from any gas works, and wash the dog in it, after first having washed it well with soft soap, he will find that in a few days the mange will die off; and then to make the hair grow, he should wash the dog over again with a strong solution of soft soap and apply some paraffin. Care should be taken not to let any of the gas-water get into the dog's mouth, ears, or eyes. The gas-water can be obtained at about 4d. per pail. This treatment also applies in the case of horses.

G. A. E. (Brixton).—The letter we sent you has been returned by the G.P.O. marked "not known without a number." It was only a brief note to thank you for your congratulations.

C. OLIVER, 98, Trewhitt Road, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, wants to meet some local reader who is keen on country rambles.

H. G. (Hull) asks whether, if you have pains now and again around the heart. it is a sign of heart trouble. Much more likely to be a sign of indigestion, but if you have any doubt get yourself overhauled by a doctor.

H. M. (Higham's Park).—We believe he is one of the best of his class, but in racing, as in speculating, you should never venture money that you cannot afford to lose.

B. S. W. (Brook Green).—Get a few practical lessons from an expert. You will learn much more thoroughly in this way than from studying a handbook on massage.

C. L. (Reading).—It is by no means necessary to have your cycling map mounted on cloth. Provided you are careful in handling it, a paper map will serve your purpose just as well, and it takes up less room in the pocket.

H. D. R. (Carmarthen).—Beech branches are better than fir branches as pea stakes. The former are by no means unsightly while still uncovered, but the withered fir looks ugly.

G. A. (Ipswich).—The heel has probably been loosened by your pushing your Wellingtons off by means of the spurs. Never do that. Grasp the boot, along with the overall, at the ankle and pull it off gently.

T. E. (Eastbourne).—You are not alone in being troubled with a tender skin, but, as you say, it is a nuisance to find that you cut yourself when gardening or even when cleaning a bicycle, while other men get off with whole skins. The remedy is to carry with you a small packet of thin court plaster. You can get a sheet of it perforated into different sized patches, and it is practically invisible on the skin.

R. C. F. (Lowestoft).—Better buy a garden frame locally. In the case of heavy goods like this it does not pay you to buy at a distance, as the cost of carriage is considerable.

D. S. (Sheffield).—You may obtain full particulars as to conditions of service in the London Police by writing to the Commissioner of Police, New Scotland Yard, London, S.W.

G. B. (Nottingham).—If you paid a fair price for your razor probably all that it needs is setting by a skilled barber or cutler.

A. H. H. (Plymouth).—The price offered by your local dealer for your old bicycle is a fair one, though small. In these days when new bicycles can be bought so cheaply you cannot expect much for a second-hand one.

T. W. B. (Streatham).—Do not buy plants through the post unless you know that the firm you propose patronising is reliable. The best plan is to purchase the plants from a local nurseryman.

A. M. H. (Birmingham).—Our heartiest thanks are due to you for introducing the paper to so many new readers. This is a practical way of showing your enthusiasm for your favourite paper, and we are much obliged to you.

L. W. (Muswell Hill).—If you choose a district that is not much sought after by holiday-makers, you ought to be able to put up at a farmhouse for 15s. or 20s. a week, including board.

C. P. (Ipswich).—Do not buy a bag made of imitation leather. They last a very short time. You can get a very good small leather handbag for half-a-guinea, and it will last for years.

J. F. W. (Bolton).—You can obtain full particulars as to how to obtain a berth in any of our Colonies by writing to the Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31, The Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W. As you appear to have a fairly remunerative job in this country, and one which you say is permanent, it seems rather a pity to throw it up; but if your mind is set upon emigration, we wish you the best of luck.

F. R. (Cheapside).—All contributions are read if they are written legibly, and on one side of the paper only. Provided a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed they are returned if unsuitable.

C. H. S. (W. Kensington), **J. R.** (Rawtenstall), **A. H.** (Bristol), **B. H. W.** (H.M.S. Cochrane), **J. L.** (Worcester), **F. D.** (Cheltenham), **C. Mc D.** (Glasgow), **A. P.** (Oxford), **W. R. G.** (Elgin), **S. B.** (Dublin).—Our salaams to you.

LOOK FOR 10/-

SOLID GOLD Six Prize Medal WATCH

110/-

A complete and satisfactory proof of the superiority of this watch over all others is the fact that it has been awarded Six Prize Medals for accurate timekeeping and perfection of mechanism. It is the most perfectly constructed Watch ever offered to the public, every part being interchangeable, all wheels being made of specially prepared metal, well gilt, polished steel pinions, hardened and tempered springs, patent winding work, patent regulator to keep hair spring in position to withstand rough work, polished screws, fitted cups to winding and set hand squares, preventing dust from entering movement, finest quality white enamel dial, Roman numerals, sunk seconds circle, which prevents the seconds hand from catching the hour hand, gold (or steel) hands, silver bezel, bevelled edge inside glass, fitting close to dial, making it dust proof. Inscribed on the dials of these famous Watches is "Six Prize Medals, Masters, Rye," and they are fitted in 14 carat

SOLID GOLD CASES,

with Spring Push-Piece for opening back case, which is handsomely engine-turned, with Shield and Garter engraved in centre. This Watch beats true seconds, and is a high-class keywind Watch. It contains all the latest improvements, and for exact timekeeping and lasting wear has no equal. Price only £5 10s. or on convenient terms. Send 10/- now, pay 10/- on delivery, and 10/- monthly. Seven years' guarantee.

15 York Street, Norwich.

GENTS,—Three years ago I bought one of your Six Prize Medal Watches, and I thought it would interest you to know that it is a great success, and has not varied three minutes the whole time.—Yours faithfully, HY. WHITE.

Facsimile of Medals awarded the makers of these Famous £5 10s. Watches.

Every "Modern Man" reader should own one of these genuine 14 carat gold watches. Our terms place these high-class gentlemen's gold watches within your reach. Send 10/- now as first payment. 260,000 Testimonials prove their wonderful timekeeping (copies on application).

CATALOGUE OF WATCHES, JEWELLERY, RINGS, &c., FREE.

MASTERS, Ltd., 85, Hope Stores, RYE, England.

OUR LEAGUE OF FRIENDSHIP.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin.....	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin.....	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge...	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

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The League Badge Actual size.

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All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crosse "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

No more shabby suits. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly; modern men delighted; bottle 1s., post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Boots and Shoes of all kinds, made on the latest and best-fitting models. Illustrated catalogue post free on request.—The Perfectphit Shoe Co., Marchmont Road, Edinburgh.

Gent.'s black vicuna frock coat and vest, 12s. 6d.; light-weight fawn rainproof Chester overcoat, 20s.; smart dark check reefer suit, 20s. All excellent condition, and best tailor made, height, 5ft. 7in., chest 36 full. The lot 50s.—Box 4492, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

How to make money by following horses during flat racing season.—Address, only by correspondence (stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed), "Lilywhite," care of Mallinson, Advertising Agent, Shrewsbury.

Punch-ball, complete, in good condition; approval; wanted cash in return.—Box 4493, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Motor cycle, Rex, 3¼-h.p., good working order, new tyres, accessories, £12.—Box 4496, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, trout fly outfit, suitable for reservoir fishing, for cash.—Box 4497, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A pair of parallel bars, adjustable; also 1 horizontal bar, tubular uprights, stays, &c., £2.—Box 4498, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bagatelle board, folding, handsome solid mahogany, 8ft. by 30in., superior quality, India-rubber cushion, new cloth, and complete with all accessories, including 9 real solid ivory balls (alone worth 3gs.); cost 9gs., sacrifice, bargain, price £3 15s., perfect condition guaranteed; approval willingly.—Box 4499, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Inch's weight-lifting course complete; cost £2 10s., take 10s.—Box 4491, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, light split cane rod by Hardy, 10ft., Fairy or Fetherweight Perfection; also tackle suitable for same.—Box 4500, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, gentleman's 26in. bicycle, known makers, speed gear, good condition, cash.—Box 4501, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Golf clubs, exceptional condition, complete set, bag, 21s. 6d.—Box 4502, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Double hammer 12 bore, condition as new, rebounding locks, by Jolly, Birmingham, £3, splendid condition.—Box 4503, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, centre-board sailing boat, 18ft. by 7ft.; oak preferred, must be thoroughly sound, lowest cash price.—Box 4504, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, gentleman's free wheel tricycle by first-rate maker, and in first order.—Box 4505, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, tennis poles with irons, also marker, good condition essential.—Box 4506, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Wanted, good pocket folding camera, cheap, or exchange pedigree heavy-weight bulldog.—Box 4509, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Folding hand camera, postcard, R.R. lens, Bausch and Lomb shutter, rising and cross front, 3 dark slides; splendid condition, cost 70s., bargain 31s. 6d.—Box 4510, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

Be Your Own Master.—Start mail order trade; make £500 yearly; we tell you how.—Address, "Wrinkles," 123 F Depot, 37, Hillcrest Avenue, Leeds.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the World's Speed Championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

Books on Jiu-Jitsu by Japanese author. Cost 3 guineas; what offers?—Box 4490, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"How to Make a Speech Without Using Notes." Learn the valuable art of public speaking. Interesting handbook free.—Central London Institute, Holborn Hall, London.

GARDENING.

Wanted, 60ft. at least good garden hose and reel. Must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 4511, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, to buy quantity standard rose trees.—Box 4514, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Moustache grower free.—Pendun's moustache pomade forces one like magic, any age; week's full supply sent by return in plain wrappers free for 3d. stamps for postage, &c.—A. Pendun (Dept. D.), 597, Holloway Road, London, N.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

BUER'S PILE CURE gives instant relief in the worst cases and absolutely cures in a few days. 1s. 1½d., post free, **PLAIN WRAPPER**, or sample and full particulars, penny stamp.—Buer Mul-la Co., 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Neck Culture.—Did they call you "Skinny Neck"? Well, just use my work for a short time.—Send Postal Order 1s. 1d., J. Walker, The Dairy, 6, Theberton Street, Islington, London.

FINANCIAL &c.

£500 Provident bond, ballot section, 3½ years' paid up, £44 7s. fully advanced next January, 1912. What cash offers?—Box 4515, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£300, £350, British Homes certificates, cheap.—Particulars from Box 4516, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No more round shoulders; wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion, post free 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

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